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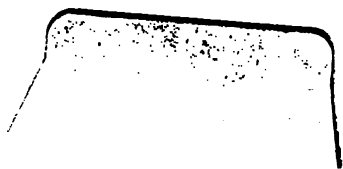
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ANNEX

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Jan



THE CABIN BOYS' LOCKER



THE
CABIN BOY'S LOCKER.

COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM

The Volumes of the Sailor's Magazine.

BY

J. K. DAVIS,

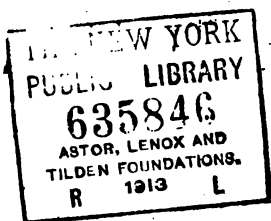
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Introductory.

MR. EDITOR :

From the moment I saw your representation of a book-case, in the Sailor's Magazine, I have wished to congratulate the cabin-boy on the change in his employment. Formerly, the locker must be filled with wines, and porter, and ale, in addition to a plentiful store of stronger liquors ; and the cry from different parts of the ship was almost incessant, " Ben, give me another bottle, or another glass, or at least a small portion, for sea-sickness ;" inso-much, that the observing lad was likely to receive the impression, that the principal charm of life must consist in the use of stimulating drinks. And with his opportunities, what could be expected, but that he should seek for happiness in the same course in which he saw those of higher rank than himself so eagerly pursuing ? But let the custom be changed. Let the locker be a little *elevated* in the ship, and assume the form of

a book-case. Let the passengers spend their leisure hours in reading and profitable conversation; and let Ben be courteously requested to select and hand their books; and who does not see how different would be the impression made upon his mind, how much his employment would be elevated, and what would be the probable results upon his character and prospects.

And permit me, Mr. Editor, to say a word directly to cabin-boys, and other young sailors:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have recently watched your movements with great interest. I have seen many of you at the mariners' churches, well clothed, and well behaved. I have seen many of you making application for Bibles. I have heard many of you say, while your countenances testified your sincerity, that you used no ardent spirits. At these things I have rejoiced. And now, let me entreat you to keep on in these good ways, and to do all you can to induce your young companions to go with you; and above all, to seek the blessing of God, both on the sea and on the shore B.

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THE CABIN BOY'S LOCKER

"GOING TO DO."

THIS sentence, though a short one, is too long. Its length occasions a great deal of difficulty. If it could be reduced to a proper length, it would prevent most of the mischiefs resulting from want of promptitude. But how short would you have it? We would have it but one word, and that word should contain but two letters,—“Do.”

EDUCATION.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime destroy—no enemy can alienate—no despotism enslave. At home, a friend—abroad, an introduction—in solitude, a solace—and in society, an ornament. It chastens vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once grace and government to genius. Without it, what is MAN? A splendid slave—a reasoning savage!

BRANDY AS A MEDICINE.

"Doctor," said a gentleman, who had recently joined a temperance society, to his family physician, "I have been in the habit of taking brandy at my dinner for a number of years; but lately, for the sake of my neighbors, and by way of example, I have quit it altogether suddenly, and I am afraid it will injure my health. What do you think of it?" "Sir," said the doctor, "I never saw you look better than you do now." "I am not sick, exactly, but I feel an uneasiness in my stomach—something like dyspepsia." "Then I would advise you to take an emetic," said the physician. "Oh! sir, I am not sick enough for that; but I was thinking a teaspoonful of brandy or gin might relieve me, as I stopped it all at once." "Indeed, sir," said the uncomplying physician, "I cannot give you that advice; for having made so many drunkards by such counsel, in the former part of my practice, I have determined never again to advise ardent spirits as a medicine, so long as I live." The gentleman has since acknowledged, that had his physician given him the counsel he asked, he should have felt himself released from his pledge, and his daily use of brandy, he fears, would have been the result. What encouragement is *here* for a manly candor in the intercourse *with our patients!* If every physician would

deliver his soul in this matter, we might drive ardent spirits from every family we visit.

American Lancet.

ADMONITORY.

My brethren, let me assure you, that some of you might appropriate five, some ten, some fifteen, and some twenty thousand dollars a year, for benevolent purposes, and still retain *enough to ruin your children.* What a lesson! How little regarded by parents in general! How fully borne out by the career of a large number of those who inherit independent fortunes, without the necessity of attending to business.—*Dr. Gardner.*

INTERESTING AND AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE SHIP RAVENSWORTH.

In our paper (Tyne Mercury, Newcastle, England) of November 16th, 1830, we extracted from Mrs. Alaric Watts' New-Year's Gift, a rather romantic story, respecting the ship Ravensworth breaking from her moorings, and going to sea with only a little boy on board, which possessed a local interest from the event stated occurring at Shields. We find that the circumstance excited a great sensation here, and is perfectly remembered by some gentlemen older than ourselves. It may be interesting, therefore, to record the

facts which took place, as they differ from the fictitious narrative in several particulars. The Ravensworth, in the first place, was not an old Greenland whaler, as she is represented, but was a small ship, of 13 or 14 keels (200 tons), belonging to Messrs. Moseley and Aivery, coal fitters, of Newcastle, Mr. Robert Atkinson commander, regularly employed in the coal trade between Newcastle and London. She was light—not laden—having just arrived from the Metropolis. She was driven from her moorings, at North Shields, while there was a strong freshet in the river. All the crew, as stated, were at the time on shore, except the cabin-boy, a lad about eleven years of age. This occurrence, which, as we have observed, excited great interest in the neighborhood, took place about 1792 or 1793. Soon after it was known that the vessel had gone to sea with the little boy only on board, the Unity, belonging to Mr. North Clark, went out with Captain Atkinson, the master of the Ravensworth, in search of her. They did not succeed, however, in meeting with her, and returned. It is not true, as stated, that the Ravensworth was three weeks tossing about on the German Ocean, and was then driven on the coast of Holland. The little sailor, who constituted her sole pilot, had the prudence, as mentioned in the tale, to lash the helm, so as to keep her from the shore, and he not only hoisted the fore-staysail, but *hoisted what is called "a jack,"* on the fore-

topmast rigging. This attracted the notice of a Harwich smack, when she was near Flamborough Head, on which she went to her assistance, and, as we are informed, took her safely into Harwich, after she had been buffeting with the waves for five days. It is worthy of note that the ballast port was open at the time. The little fellow was busy frying pancakes when the Harwich smack came to the Ravensworth. It is perfectly recollected here, that when the young sailor returned to Newcastle, he was taken on the exchange, and shown as a little hero, and several of the merchants gave him silver in token of their admiration. The author of the story in Mrs. Watts' Annual represents him as an old gentleman in his wig, recounting his adventures. This is not quite correct. If he is now alive, he must be under fifty years of age.

TWO SORTS OF DRUNKARDS.

We knew a man who would get dead drunk about once in two or three months. He lived many years in this way, and it is believed is still living. He never tastes any liquor except at these periodical revels. We knew another man who took a little every day—not enough to make him tipsy—just enough to answer for a “medicine” for some complaint he had. He always passed for a sober man. A year ago *he was one of those who thought it ridiculous to*

join a temperance society. He thought a man ought to have judgment enough to know when he had drank enough. He is now dead. His physician assures us that he died of *delirium tremens*, though never suspected of intemperance. He informs me, moreover, that this dreadful disease is generally produced in that way. If a man gets thoroughly drunk, the poison works its own cure, as in some other cases, where a large dose of a well-known poison works itself off, when a small dose would have been fatal. It is the small quantity, remaining in the system, constantly at work there, that wears off, thread by thread, the cords of life. As you value reason and life, don't be every day sipping a little: riveting your chains, and wearing out life by inches.—*Genius of Temperance.*

Sickness should teach us these four things: What a vain thing the world is! What a vile thing sin is! What a poor thing man is! What a precious gem an interest in heaven is!

A TRACT REMEMBERED IN DEATH.

Thomas Bradford, Junior, Esq., in a public address before the Tract Society of Philadelphia, related the following fact:—

“A lady, who is engaged as a teacher in a colored Sabbath school in this city, some *months since* distributed among the children her

usual supply of tracts. One of these—'Poor Sarah'—was conveyed, by the providence of God, to a poor, aged black woman; and as she could not read, it was read to her by the child. The contents of this precious tract affected her heart; and such was her eagerness to treasure up its interesting incidents in her memory, and to appropriate its Divine consolations, that she was wont to crave often of such as were instructed, the favor of reading it to her. It became her constant companion; and once, in particular, while journeying in one of our Delaware steamboats, she was known to beg a similar favor of the captain, which was readily granted. On her return to the city, the little book, the herald of mercy and grace, which she then enjoyed, was still with her.

"A short time ago, she was visited by sickness, which soon proved to be a 'sickness unto death;' but she had received the good seed in her heart, and it sprung up, bearing its fruit—faith, hope, patience, and charity—for her support in the hour when flesh and heart were failing her. For this seed, and these good fruits, she declared herself to be instrumentally indebted to the story of poor 'Indian Sarah.' She descended into the dark valley with songs of triumph, asking no other favor than that her much-loved tract might be deposited in the narrow house with her then dying body. This was done. She *now rests from her labors and her sufferings.*

and her released, redeemed spirit is doubtless rejoicing in the realms of light, with the glorious assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

THE SAILOR'S LAST CRUISE

The lamented Brainard, who now sleeps on the banks of his own native Thames, was a sincere admirer of the genuine sailor, and often remarked they were the most peculiar men he had ever met, as they appeared to despise the ordinary comforts of life, and seemed never more pleased than when placed in some dangerous position, or engaged in some hazardous duty.

In his lament for *Long Tom*, he gives the closing scene, which he feared was the case with too many of that interesting class of men, who, in the discharge of their duty, are exposed to be cut off in the midst of life.

"Thy cruise is over now,
Thou art anchored by the shore,
And never more shalt thou
Hear the storm around thee roar:
Death has shaken out the sands of thy glass;
Now around thee sports the whale
And the porpoise snuffs the gale,
And the night-winds wake their wail,
As they pass.

"The sea-grass round thy bier
Shall bend beneath the tide,

Nor tell the breakers near;
Where thy manly limbs abide;
But the granite rock thy tomb-stone shall be.
Though the edges of thy grave
Are the combings of the wave—
Yet unheeded they shall rave
Over thee.

"At the piping of all hands
When the judgment signal's spread—
When the Islands, and the lands,
And the seas give up their dead,
And the south and north shall come.
When the sinner is betrayed,
And the just man is afraid,
Then heaven be thy aid
Poor Tom."

THE YOUNG SEAMAN.

A youth about seventeen years of age, called upon a young man to purchase a tract. He was asked if he had been at any of the services on board a ship. He said "Yes, the last evening only. Yesterday I landed from my voyage, and this afternoon I am bound to Scotland to see my friends. My visit to the Bethel chapel has been the means of great comfort to my mind."

"I am glad you have found it so," observed the secretary. "Were you unhappy?"

"I will relate sir," said he, "What took place during my late voyage. I sailed from London in a Scotch vessel for the West Indies, as second mate, the most wicked wretch that ever sailed on salt water; chiefly

for swearing. Our captain, though a good seaman, and kind to the ship's company, cared not for his own soul, or for the souls of his ship's crew. We had been at sea about sixteen days; it came on night; it was my watch on deck; the night was dark and lowering, and but little wind at the time; we had most of our lower sails set: I was walking fore and aft on the leeward side of the ship, when a sudden puff of wind caused the vessel to give a heavy lurch. Not prepared to meet it, I was capsized, and came right against one of the stanchions. Feeling much hurt, I gave vent to my anger by a dreadful oath; cursing the wind, the ship, the sea, and (awful to mention) the being who made them. Scarcely had this horrid oath escaped my lips, when it seemed to roll back upon my mind with so frightful an image, that for a moment or two I thought I saw the sea parting, and the vessel going down. I took the helm from the man who was at it, and put the ship's head close to the wind. All that night my awful oath was passing before my eyes, like a spectre; and its consequences appeared to be my certain damnation. For many days I was miserable. Ashamed to own the cause, I asked one of the men if he had any book to lend me to read. He offered me a French novel by Rousseau. I asked if he had a Testament or Bible; he answered me by asking if I were going to die. For his part, he said, he never *troubled his head* about Bible or prayer-book;

he left all these matters to the priest, to whom he left part of his pay, to pray for him; if I had done so, I should not be so squeamish. The captain, I knew, had a Bible; but I was unwilling to ask the loan of it.

"Several days thus passed in the greatest torment, this dreadful oath was always before me. I could not pray: indeed I thought it of no use. On the fifth day I was turning over some things in my chest, when I found some trifles I had purchased for sea stock, wrapped in paper—in this piece of paper;" (putting his hand at the same time into his jacket pocket, and from a small red case, pulling out the paper, which was a leaf of the Bible, containing nearly the whole of the first chapter of Isaiah.) "Oh! how my heart throbbed when I found it a piece of the Bible."

At that moment the tears fell from his eyes, and he pressed the leaf to his bosom. "But, sir," continued he, "conceive what I felt when I read these words—'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" Here he paused to wipe away the tears. "O, sir," he added, "like a drowning man I clung to this life-buoy. I then prayed and the Lord was graciously pleased to remove, in some measure, the great guilt from my conscience; though I continued mournful and bowed down, until last evening on board the *Mayflower* (Liverpool) I stowed away with the *Bethel* company. I felt much comfort in the ser-

vice. It deeply affected me, and I now humbly trust that the Lord has forgiven my great sins."

Reader; consider this instance of the value of a single fragment of the sacred Scriptures; and let me beg you to read the chapter which was made so great a blessing to the young man. And may the Spirit of God so stamp it upon your mind, that it may lead you to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

SPECIMEN OF CHRISTIANITY.

Some years gone, a whaling ship out of New London, being commanded by a Nantucket man, touched at New Zealand for recruits. A boat coming alongside to trade, it was observed that a large mat lay spread over the bottom of the boat, and several times it was discovered to move. The captain was anxious to know the occasion of it; but the Indians at first refused to give any information, but at length were prevailed upon to remove the mat, when the captain beheld a man lying lashed to a pole, his whole length. Inquiry being made, the information given was, that the man was a prisoner, taken in war from a distant tribe, and their intention was to roast him, and have a feast. The captain of the ship, struck with horror, requested them to deliver up the prisoner to his care, but they *refused*. The captain, as well as the whole

crew of the ship, were desirous to relieve the prisoner, and proposed buying him ; (there was one on board the ship who partly understood their language) ; at length, by offers of considerable value, they consented to sell the prisoner. After paying a good round sum for him, he was delivered on board the ship. When on board, the poor fellow seemed ready to faint, believing, as the saying is, that he had "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire;" but being assured, that he would be treated like a brother, he came to, and was able to give a narrative of the war, and what tribe he belonged to—how he was taken, and what harbor belonged to the tribe. The captain of the ship immediately got his boats in readiness, with a supply of food and water, and taking the poor fellow as pilot, proceeded to the landing where the Indian originally belonged. The tribe was observed as they came down by hundreds, in their mode of rejoicing, with instruments of music, and took the Indian and carried him to the village, and then demanded to know what they had to pay for his ransom. The captain told them they had nothing to pay, and all that was required of them was to be good to the white men when they came to visit them ; at which the whole tribe had a day of rejoicing, and loaded the boat with vegetables, and would have loaded the ship with different kinds of the produce of the place, if permitted.

Now, my sea-faring brethren, I want we

should improve upon this, so as to realize the blessed feeling that will always attend us when we are striving to fulfil the universal sermon—that is to say, be good.—*An Old Sailor.*

SPIRITUAL ENJOYMENT.

“Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.”

In our pursuit of the things of this world, we usually prevent enjoyment by expectation; we anticipate our own happiness, and eat out the heart and sweetness of worldly pleasures, by delightful forethoughts of them, so that when we come to possess them, they do not answer the expectation, nor satisfy the desires which were raised about them, and they vanish into nothing. But the things which are above are so great, so solid, so durable, so glorious, that we cannot raise our thoughts to an equal height with them; we cannot enlarge our desires beyond the possibility of satisfaction. Our hearts are greater than the world; but God is greater than our hearts; and the happiness which he hath laid up for us, is like himself, incomprehensibly great and glorious. Let the thoughts of this raise us above this world, and inspire us with greater thoughts and designs than the cares and concernments of this present life.

BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE

In Mr. Kiipin's school were two boys, brothers, from 11 to 12 years old. One of these children had, after repeated admonition, manifested a determined obstinacy, and sulky resistance. Mr. Kilpin told him that the result of such conduct would be a chastisement not easily to be forgotten. He was preparing to inflict it on the still hardened child, when his brother (Paul) came forward, and entreated that he might bear the punishment in the place of his brother. Mr. Kilpin remarked, "My dear Paul, you are one of my best boys; you have never needed chastisement; your mind is tender; I could not be so unjust as to give you pain, my precious child." The dear boy said, "I shall endure more pain to witness his disgrace and suffering, than anything you could inflict on me. He is a little boy, and younger and weaker than I am. Pray, sir, allow me to take all the punishment. I will bear anything from you. O do, do, sir, take me in exchange for my naughty brother." "Well, James, what say you to this noble offer of Paul?" He looked at his brother, but made no reply. Mr. K. stood silent. Paul still entreated for the punishment, that it might be finished, and wept. Mr. K. said, "Did you ever hear of any one who bore stripes and insults to shield offenders, Paul?" "O yes, sir; the Lord Jesus Christ gave his

back to the smiters for us, poor little sinners, and by his stripes are we healed and pardoned. O sir, pardon James for my sake, and let me endure the pain. I can bear it better than he." "But your brother does not seek pardon for himself. Why should you feel this anxiety, my dear Paul? Does he not deserve correction?" "O yes, sir; he has broken the rules of the school, after repeated warnings. You have said he must suffer; therefore, as I knew you would not speak an untruth, and the laws must be kept, and he is sullen, and will not repent, what can be done, sir? Please to take me, because I am stronger than he." The boy then threw his arms round his brother's neck, and wetted his sulky, hardened face with tears of tenderness. This was rather more than poor James could stand, firmly. His tears began to flow, his heart melted, he sought forgiveness, and embraced his brother. Mr. K. clasped both in his arms, and prayed for a blessing from Him, of whom it is said, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

It would be easy to make remarks on this (in my opinion) beautiful anecdote, but they would be like pointing the diamond.—*Memoir of Rev. Samuel Kilpin.*

ANECDOTE OF A BENEVOLENT FEMALE.

Some time since, a lady whose name has been respectfully announced, and whose time has been much devoted to promote the objects of the British and Foreign Seamen's Friend Society and Bethel Union, going on board a ship of war, was received by an officer on deck, not without respect, but accompanied with many of those expressions which, unfortunately, are too frequent in the lips of sailors. The lady expressed her wish that while she was on board he would have the goodness to desist from language of that description. He professed his readiness to oblige her, and during the period of her being on board, not one oath escaped his lips. She pursued her course, distributing to the sailors her tracts and Bibles, and above all, her admonitions. On her return, she was accompanied by the same officer, and had an opportunity of thanking him for his kindness in attending to her request. He expressed his readiness to oblige her on any occasion, and said there was nothing she asked him to do that he would not do. Then (said she) I'll thank you to read that book, giving him a Bible. He felt himself surprised (or, if you please, taken in), but considering that he had given his promise, he was bound to fulfil it.

The lady afterwards visiting a distant part of the country, went to the church, heard a

sermon, and was returning, when the clergyman, running after her, said, "If I mistake not, I am addressing such a lady?" (mentioning her name.) "That is my name," said she, "but I have no recollection of you." "No, madam," said he, "does not your ladyship recollect visiting such a ship, and giving an officer a Bible?" "Yes," said she, "I do." "Then, madam, I am the person, and the good effects of it are what you have seen this morning."

THE CHOCTAW INDIAN GIRL

A poor Choctaw Indian, whose hut stood alone in the wilderness, was brought to the knowledge of the Saviour, at a camp-meeting. He went home with his heart full of love and gratitude, that God had given his Son to die for sinners. He immediately began to pray in his family, and seek the blessing of his Heavenly Father on his humble meals, and taught his family all he knew about God. His wife soon became a Christian. His little daughter, five years of age, began to pray, and was so happy, that she prayed many times a day. She soon learned one of the hymns in her language, and was delighted in singing it. She would often go into the fields and woods, and there pray and sing. She used to ask many questions about God, as, "Where is he? Does he see me? Does he love me? I love

him, and want to go and see him, and be where he is." She never would eat, whether at home or abroad, without lifting her heart to her Father above, for his blessing. She continued in this state of mind about six months, when she was taken sick. During her sickness, she was calm and happy, though her pain was very severe. She was all the time thinking of God, and praying to him.

On the day she died, while her parents were weeping over her, they heard her say, "*Uba Anka ma?*" My Father above, open the door, and let me in—*open the door, and let me in.* Then looking at her parents, she said, "*My father and mother—issa ha lantana.*" Do not hold on to me. The door is open: I shall enter in—the door is open: I am going; and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. No doubt the blessed Jesus, to whom she loved to pray, opened to her the gates of Heaven, where she is now singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Now, this little heathen girl had never seen a missionary, but all the instruction she had was from her ignorant father. But she was taught by the Holy Spirit.

O that the children who read this account of a heathen girl would do as she did, that when they lie on a death-bed they may say, the door of heaven is open to me, and Jesus stands ready to receive!—*Youth's Friend.*

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER AND HIS BIBLE.

The following anecdote was related at a late meeting of the Aberdeen Bible Society, in Scotland, by the Rev. Mr. Grant, one of the ministers of the Orkney Islands, who was an eye witness' of the scene :

"Last year (1833), a Swedish vessel was driven upon our coast, in a tremendous gale, and went to pieces. All on board perished, except one man, who was driven on shore, upon a piece of wreck, entwined among the ropes, half naked, and half drowned. As soon as the people rescued him, astonishment filled their minds, by observing a small parcel tied firmly round his waist, with a handkerchief. Some of them concluded it was his money; others, it was the ship's papers, &c. To their astonishment, it was his Bible: a Bible given to the lad's father, from the British and Foreign Bible Society. Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written, that the Lord would make the present the means of saving his soul. Upon the other blank leaf was an account how the Bible came into the old man's hands, and a tribute of gratitude to the Society. The request was, that the son should make it the man of his counsel; and that he could not allow him to depart from home without giving him the best pledge of his love, a Bible, though that gift deprived the other parts of the family. *This bore evident marks of being often read.*"

IMPORTANT TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE, IN RELATION
TO TEMPERANCE, FOR THE USE OF SEAMEN
AND LANDSMEN.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.
—*Rom.* 14 : 21.

Woe to them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink ; that continue till night, till wine inflame them ; and the harp, and the viol, and the pipe, and wine are in their feasts ; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operations of his hands ; therefore, hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure.—*Isaiah*, 5 : 11, 12, 14.

Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it.—*Isaiah*, 24 : 9.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
—*Prov.* 20 : 1.

Do not drink wine, nor strong drink ; thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die.—*Lev.* 10 : 9.

Woe to them that drink wine in bowls ; that cause the seat of violence to come near ; but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph.—*Amos*, 6 : 6.

Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ? Who hath wounds without cause ? They that tarry

long at the wine ; that go to seek mixed wine,
—*Prov.* 23 : 23.

Be not among wine-bibbers ; among riotous eaters of flesh ; for the drunkard, and the glutton, shall come to poverty.—*Prov.* 23 : 20, 21.

Come ye, say they, I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink, and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.—*Isaiah*, 56 : 12.

Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God.—*1 Cor.* 6 : 10.

For the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, in which the proud, yea, all that do wickedly, shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.—*Mal.* 4 : 1.

Let us walk honestly, not in rioting and drunkenness.—*Rom.* 13 : 13.

Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.—*Habak.* 2 : 15.

Saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of my heart, to add drunkenness to thirst ; the Lord will not spare him ; but then, the anger of the Lord, and his jealousy, will smoke against that man ; and all the curses that are written in this book, shall lie upon him ; and the Lord shall blot out his name from under heaven.—*Deut.* 29 : 19, 20.

But and if that evil servant shall say in his

heart, my Lord delayeth his coming, and shall begin to smite his fellow servants, and to eat, and drink with the drunken, the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. —*Matt. 24: 48, 51.*

THE SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN.

Some years ago, a vessel which was blessed with a pious chaplain, and was bound to a distant part of the world, happened to be detained by contrary winds, over a Sabbath, at the Isle of Wight. The chaplain improved the opportunity to preach to the inhabitants. His text was, "Be clothed with humility." Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl, who had come to show her fine dress, rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Wallbridge, the celebrated "Dairyman's Daughter," whose interesting history, by the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, has been printed in various languages, and widely circulated, to the spiritual benefit of thousands. What a reward was this for a single sermon, preached "out of season," by a seamen's chaplain.

THE WISE CHOICE; OR, GREENWICH FAIR.

Sailors, when in foreign ports, are often very anxious to have days of liberty, as they are called, wherein they may go on shore, and recreate themselves. To guard young sailors against the evils of this practice, we recommend to them the careful perusal of the following story of one whose industry and integrity raised him from being a poor, friendless boy, to respectability and affluence :

"When I was a young man," said he, "I worked five years at one place, without ever asking for more than one holiday, and that one I shall have reason to remember all my days. When I applied for it, my master said to me, 'Thomas, I have no objection to your having a holiday, but I should like to know how you intend to spend your time.' 'Why, sir, I have heard a great deal of Greenwich Fair, and never having seen it, I intend to go there.'

"'Ah, Thomas, so I thought; but it is my duty to tell you, you had better not go. In the first place, you will lose half a day's wages; in the next, you will spend at least two day's wages more; and it is not very unlikely that you will get into bad company. What mischief bad company will do you, it is impossible to say; but it often leads young men to ruin. You may run into excess; and *if you think rightly of the follies and accidents*

that excess brings about—sometimes ill health, and sometimes sudden death—you would be persuaded, and not go.'

" 'Why, sir, I mean to walk there, and that will cost nothing; then I can take a bit of bread and cheese in my handkerchief, and need not spend anything; as to bad company, I think I am proof against any temptation of the kind.'

" 'No doubt you think so, Thomas; you do not know what Greenwich Fair is. If you have made up your mind to go, we will have dinner at one o'clock, that you may be off at two; but again I tell you, you had better not go.'

" 'Why, sir, I have set my heart upon it, and shall think it hard not to go there once in my life.'

" 'Very well, Thomas; at two o'clock you may go.'

" Exactly at one o'clock my master ordered in dinner; and no sooner did the clock strike two, than he told me I was at liberty. I took but a short time to get ready, and set off for Greenwich, with my little stock of provisions, to prevent me spending money. A great many people are going over London Bridge; for all the way to Greenwich, on a fair time, the road is like a market. At the foot of the bridge, at the time, there were some water works, and I leaned over the bridge to look at them. I thought of the crowds of people at *Greenwich Fair*, and of the water works

that I was looking at; but I thought more of what my master had said to me, than all put together. When words at once get a firm hold on you, it is a very hard matter to get rid of them. Here had I a half day's holiday, victuals and money in my pocket, the sun shining, and crowds of people hastening to enjoy themselves; and yet, for the life of me, I could not go on. The advice of my master was uppermost in my mind, and I thought that I should do better in attending to it, and going back to my employment, than in going forward to Greenwich Fair. I cannot say but it cost me a great deal to give up the point. I looked one way, and then the other way, and the scales were so nicely balanced that a feather would have turned them. When I thought of Greenwich, it seemed impossible to give up the fair; when I thought of my master's advice, it was impossible to go on. At last, prudence won the day, and I made the best of my way back to my work.

"'Why, Thomas, is it you?' said my master, when he saw me. 'Why, I thought you were frolicking at Greenwich. What has brought you back again?'"

"I told him that on stopping on London Bridge, to look at the water-works, I had thought over the advice he had given me, and had made up my mind to come back to my work. 'You are a prudent lad, Thomas,' was *the remark* he made to me, and I set to work *a great deal more comfortable in my mind*

than I had been since I first set off for Greenwich.

"Nothing more was said about it during the week, but when Saturday night came, my master paid my wages in full, and then put down a guinea by itself. 'There, Thomas,' said he, 'take that. You have acted prudently in following your master's advice, and not going to Greenwich, and I trust you will not have occasion to repent of it.'

"For aught I know, this was a turn in my life. Had I gone to Greenwich Fair, it is not unlikely that things would have happened just as my master said; and if nothing else had occurred, perhaps it would have been the beginning of bad habits, which might have clung to me all my days; whereas, by taking good counsel, I had got a golden guinea, the good opinion of my master, and the consciousness of having acted properly." — *Youth's Friend*.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.—FILIAL PIETY.

A young lad, but newly admitted into the military school, soon made himself appear of rather a singular disposition, by his remarkable abstemiousness. Whatever variation of diet was allowed, he never ate anything but bread and soup, and drank nothing but water. The governor being informed of this conduct, so very uncommon in a boy, attributed it to

an indiscreet devotion, and reproved him for it. Nevertheless, the lad persisted, and the governor mentioned the circumstance to Monsieur Paris Duverney. He had the boy called before him, and with his usual mildness and moderation, represented to him that such singularity was by no means proper or allowable in a public institution, and that he must certainly conform to the rules and diet established there. He afterwards unsuccessfully endeavored to find out the reason that could induce the boy to act in such a manner, and said that he would send him home again to his family. This menace had the desired effect, and he then disclosed the motive of his conduct. "You will not, I hope, be displeased with me, sir," he said; "but I could not bring myself to enjoy what I think luxury, while I reflect that my dear father and mother are in the utmost indigence. They could afford themselves and me no better food than the coarsest bread, and of that but very little. Here, I have excellent soup, and as much fine white bread as I would choose. I look upon this to be very good living; and the recollection of the situation in which I left my parents, would not permit me to indulge myself by eating anything else."

Monsieur Duverney and the governor could not restrain their tears at such an early instance of fortitude and sensibility. "If your father has been in the service," said M. Duverney, "*how comes it that he has got no pension?*"

"For want of friends and money, sir," replied the youth. "He has been upwards of a year soliciting one, but his money and resources failed; and rather than contract debts at Versailles, he is content to languish in the manner I have told you." "Well," said M. Duverney, "if the fact appears to have been as you have stated it, I will engage to procure your father a pension of five hundred livres. In the meantime, here are three louis d'ors for yourself, as a present from the King, and I will advance your father six months' pay, out of the pension I am certain of obtaining for him." "How can you send the money to him, sir?" said the boy. "Let that give you no uneasiness," replied M. Duverney; "I shall find means." "Ah, sir," said the boy, with precipitation, "if you can do it so easily, be pleased to send him these three louis d'ors you were so kind as to give me. I want nothing here, and they would be of the greatest service to my father, for my brothers and sisters." How delightful to the sensible mind are such emanations of pious gratitude!

JOHN GORDON.

One man was taken on board in Baffin's Bay. He was a good seaman; but he swore, drank, and had all the bad qualities of a seaman, also. By the mercy of God, he was led to Mr. Cooper's school, where the Word

was blessed to his soul. The man was illiterate; but so greatly had the Bible enlightened his mind, that I often got more good—more real information—from him than from a sermon. He had the most correct views of the way of salvation, and adorned the profession which he made, by his conduct. He accompanied us in three of our expeditions, and proved to be one of the best men in the crew. If there was any post of danger—any part of the expedition that was more trying than another—any duty that was more difficult than another—there Gordon was found ready. When the fourth expedition was fitted out, he was one of the first to enter the ship. But on coming down the river, when we got to Gravesend, the men were employed in a boat sending out an anchor and a hawser. Gordon was in the boat. The object was to throw out the anchor. Suddenly a tremendous outcry was heard, and it was found that the anchor had caught the gunwale of the boat, and that the men were in danger. Gordon, who was a very powerful, athletic man, full six feet high, was the first to rush forward, and to aim to lift with his muscular arm the whole weight of the anchor. He succeeded in lifting it; but the cable got twisted round his body, he was dragged out into the sea, and was seen no more. I have no fear for John Gordon; but I earnestly entreat all who hear me to use *their* utmost endeavors to make hundreds and

thousands of John Gordons, that they may be fully prepared for all that may await them —
Captain Sir Edward Parry.

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

When that day which beholds the dawn of millennial glory shall arrive, all the various employments in which men are now engaged will be made to contribute to the extension and establishment of the reign and kingdom of Christ. Men will then go to their labor, and pursue it with alacrity, in order that they may thereby contribute to the furtherance of the gospel. Whole nations and sceptred kings shall emulate each other in the work of sending the light of divine truth over the world. Commerce, and all the improvements of civilized nations, will then furnish increased facilities for the spread of the gospel over the whole earth. Then the vast caravan that traverses the pathless desert, with its camels and dromedaries, laden with spices, and gold, and incense, shall traverse those same burning sands, laden with Bibles, tracts, and missionaries, to make known to the remotest land the glad tidings of salvation. Then the countless ships, whose sails now whiten every sea, bearing merchandise and the products of each clime to almost every spot on the globe, shall be wafted over those same seas, laden with the bread of life, and the preachers of recon-

ciliation, going to every land upon which the sun shines, to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ.

An event that occurred just before we reached England, in a recent visit to that country, strikingly reminded us of the coming of that glorious day, to which we just alluded. The event to which I refer was the departure of a missionary ship to the South Sea Islands. The ship Camden was fitted out for the express purpose of being employed in missionary work. It was destined not only to convey a cargo of missionaries to those distant islands, but to be employed in their service. Previous to the departure of the ship, there was a large and most interesting meeting held in the Tabernacle, at London, to which we adverted in our last number, in the article headed, "The Honored Missionary." One of the principal missionaries, about to sail in that ship, and who was the centre of attraction and interest on that memorable evening, was the Rev. John Williams.

So novel was the occurrence of a ship being sent out solely on the Saviour's errand, that for many days previous to its departure, though it lay in the West India export dock, a distance of seven or eight miles from large portions of the city and suburbs of London, vast numbers continually clustered to the pier, and crowded her deck. And at times this vessel was so thronged below with living beings, that they were literally wedged togeth-

er, and could not get up nor down, neither backward nor forward. But one single vessel, I believe, ever before sailed from the shores of Great Britain on a similar expedition, for the sole purpose of carrying the light of divine truth to the nations sitting in darkness. That vessel was the ship Duff, which left England in 1796.

It can well be conceived, from the facts to which we have just adverted, that the meeting on the evening previous to the departure of the missionary ship, was one of deep and overwhelming interest, and that immense crowds thronged there to listen to the parting words of those eminent servants of God, who were going back to renew their labors among those who were perishing for lack of knowledge.

May the time speedily come when there shall sail, not only from the British, but also from the American shores, many ships, bearing many such missionaries, in spirit, zeal, and devotedness, as the Rev. John Williams.
—*Episcopal Recorder*.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF TWO SEAMEN.

The generous character of a sailor is proverbial; but seldom has it fallen to our happy lot to record an action more truly noble than the following, which took place a few days ago, in this city. A poor widow woman, who occupied two rooms in the lower part of

Commercial street, since the death of her husband, about six months since, has been compelled to earn a living for herself, and a family of young children, by taking in washing; and with all her industry and economy, her quarterly rent bill became due before she could scrape together sufficient to discharge it. Unfortunately for her, the landlord was one of "Old Crumbs' " school: cold and calculating, mercenary and unfeeling. His sole business was to collect his rents, and all his recreation seemed to be to distress the virtuous. She begged of him to grant her time. He gave her two days. She asked for more, and he refused, stating that unless her rent was paid before twelve o'clock on the following day, every stick of her furniture should be put out of doors.

The time arrived, when, agreeably to promise, his lackeys were sent down, and the threat was begun to be put into execution. The poor woman prayed the unfeeling landlord to desist in his purpose, but her prayers were in vain. At length, giving up entirely to despair and wounded pride, she seated herself upon her forlorn bed, with her little children crying around her. At this moment, two jolly American tars happened by, and espying the work going on, the door open, and the wretched woman and her children weeping, immediately stopped their course, and began to reconnoitre.

"I say, ship-mate," cried one, "there is

some foul play going on in these waters—let's overhaul the craft!"

"Ay, ay, Jack," replied the other, "the young 'oman by the bed has hoisted signals of distress—her pumps are going in right earnest—let's give her a long hail."

The tars called the woman to them, and from her soon learned the whole of her story.

"Well, now, shipmate, if that land-pirate hadn't ought to be lathered with hot tar, scraped with a rusty hoop, and then keel-hauled, for laying his grappling-iron on her few loose spars that are scattered about this wreck. Never mind, my good 'oman; keep your spirits up, and we'll set you in the right course, with plenty of ballast and provisions. I say, you land-lubbers, just belay there upon them things—we'll be responsible for the damage."

"How much do you owe this land-pirate?"

The woman told the amount, when Jack took from his wallet the same, in hard currency, and paid the bill, made the woman a present of a handful of silver, while his shipmate, in the mean time, went to a butcher's shop near by, and brought back a large joint of meat, for the dinner of herself and poor children. They left, after receiving the poor woman's blessings, and wishes for their prosperity, and went whistling through the streets, as though nothing had happened.—*Boston Herald.*

THE COMPASS ; OR, CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

Dark is the night, and loud the wind ;
 The seaman's dreary watch I keep,
 And strive in this lone waste to find
 Some solace for the weary mind,
 Denied the balm of sleep.

And is there not a lesson taught
 The seaman, as his course he steers ?
 Behold his precious compass, fraught
 With document of serious thought,
 And quiet for his fears.

The needle, see, its course maintain !
 Though mountain-high the billows roll,
 And foam, and toss, and pour again
 Their briny torrent, 't will remain
 Aye steady to the pole.

Why ! with the magnet's wondrous power,
 An artist touched the quivering steel.
 It knew no guidance till that hour,
 Nor since hath wandered ; storms may lower,
 'Twill still that influence feel.

So I, though rude, may learn to know
 The power of grace upon the soul :
 The storm may rise—the tempest blow—
 My heaven-taught faith no change shall know,
 Aye steady to its pole.

The winds are hushed, the storm is o'er ;
 Light moves the ship on ocean's breast ;
 Soon shall we reach the wish'd-for shore :
 When reach—ah, when—to leave no more,
 The port of endless rest !

THE INFIDEL SAILOR.

The young man whose conversion we are about to relate, and whom we shall, for convenience, call Jack, was born of parents decidedly pious—parents who devoted their only child to the Lord, and said, with Hannah, “As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.” When the germ of intellect began to unfold itself, they commenced their parental instructions. They were mindful to nip in the bud the first fruits of obstinacy and passion, and instil and cherish amiable sentiments and habits. They taught him diligently the way of the Lord, and talked to him of the commandments of God, “when they sat in their house, and when they walked by the way, when they lay down, and when they rose up.”

At eight years of age, Jack indicated a serious turn of mind. This favorable omen raised the hopes of his parents. Many times they looked forward with joyful expectations to the period when their son should not only “rock the cradle of declining years,” but be a father in Israel, and a useful member of society. But, alas! alas! in a short time, to all human appearance, their hopes were blighted, and their expectations cut off; for, at fifteen, their son associated with two youths of deistical principles, who soon placed in the hands of their new companion some of their favorite publications; and, at seventeen, Jack was a deist.

He threw off all parental restraints, and forgot all filial obligations. The entreaties, reproofs, directions, tears, and groans of his parents, were apparently abortive. "He hated instruction, and his heart despised reproof." He resolved in his mind to be a sailor; and early one morning, prodigal like, he left his father's house, taking with him ten pounds from a private drawer. He wandered to Hull, and engaged with a captain for four years.

During this period, his strong and ardent passions were enlisted, with prodigious effect, in the service of Satan. His irreligion was open and fearless; it was a resistless current, bearing everything along with it. Soon, indeed, did it sweep away the ramparts of a religious education, and all the restraints it had imposed upon him. No one could have appeared at a greater distance from the kingdom of God.

At the expiration of his service, Jack had become a confirmed infidel. After spending some time in Hull, he determined to visit Liverpool. Accordingly, he commenced his journey; and although he travelled within thirty miles of his father's house, he turned not aside to tarry for a night! On his arrival at Liverpool, he engaged with a captain who was bound for New York. In a short time they set sail; and not many days elapsed before Jack was called to witness a scene, which, of all others, was to him the most unpleasant.

The captain and mate, who were truly pious,

were accustomed to call together, on the Sabbath day, as many of the men as could be spared, for the purpose of religious worship, which consisted of singing, reading, and prayers. This procedure Jack hesitated not to pronounce *nonsense*. He cursed and swore bitterly, and many hundred times he wished himself on shore. The captain informed him that one regulation of the ship was, to fine for every oath. At this remark, Jack found himself annoyed, and, with a heavy oath, declared he might fine his blood and bones, if he liked; he would do his work as a man, but he would have his own way; observing, at the same time, that he had left home because of such nonsense, and he never intended to be plagued and pestered with it abroad. The captain caught one sentence which dropped from the lips of Jack: "He had left home because of such nonsense." This begat in his mind a peculiar feeling towards the thoughtless and impenitent youth.

Through the good providence of God, they got safe to New York. Jack had declared many times that he would leave the ship. But although he resolved and re-resolved, he never could muster courage and power to go. There was a loadstone in that ship, to which Jack was a stranger,—there was prevalency in the faithful prayers of the parents, with which he was not acquainted.

The time came when they had to return to England, and Jack was in his place. On

their return, about the second Sabbath, Jack attended the religious service of the day, in a manner he had not been wont to do. During the remainder of the week, he evinced great concern of mind; and, on the following Sabbath, he was fully convinced of the error of his way, while the captain was reading the third lecture of the Rev. George Young's "Lectures on the Book of Jonah," entitled, "Jonah's guilt detected," especially the following paragraph: "In numerous instances the effects of sin fall not on the sinner alone, but on all who are connected with him. Ungodly parents often entail misery and shame on their offspring; and, on the other hand, the crimes of children often bring down the gray hairs of their parents with sorrow to the grave. In like manner, how often do we see wicked husbands, brothers, or friends, imbittering the lives of their relations, or bringing them to ruin, by their vicious courses! How baneful are the effects of sin! How wide the havoc which it causes, and the sorrows which it spreads in families, societies, or States! We cannot abhor too much that abominable thing so hateful to God, and so ruinous to man. Let us hasten to escape from this worst of enemies, by believing in that divine Saviour, who came 'to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself,' and 'who gave himself up for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, *zealous of good works.*'"

It was then that the light of heaven struck the sinner with deep conviction. He was awakened to a sense of his real state. The depravity of his nature, and the evils that had flowed from that corrupt fountain, were laid open to his view. He retired apart, and wept. O how gentle and tender are the methods by which God often reclaims the prodigal from his wanderings in a far country!

It was not by the terrors of Judgment that the subject of this narrative was induced to lay down the weapons of his rebellion, which he had so long wielded against the Majesty of Heaven, but rather by the still small voice of mercy, overcoming the aversions of the heart wholly set upon the perishable objects of time and sense. The emotions struggling within could no longer be concealed. Inward conviction of sin led to its external abandonment. The change which took place in the moral habits of Jack, induced the captain to interrogate him in reference to his family connections, when he made a frank confession, and told him he was born of praying parents, related the manner in which he was brought up, his associations with two young men of deistical principles, his leaving home, and the life he had led since that time. This confession was made with sighing and weeping. The captain gave him suitable instructions, and directed him to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

In a few days after this, Jack "found Him

of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write," to the joy of his soul. What a happy circumstance! The soul of a prodigal restored—the soul of an infidel saved—the soul of a sailor on the bosom of the deep converted from the error of his ways! This event would give joy to angels; "for there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth!" Old things passed away, and all things became new. Jack was a new creature in Christ Jesus. He often talked with the captain, in a very feeling manner, of his parents: whether they were dead or alive, as he had not heard of them for more than six years; and wished to be at liberty, as soon as the ship arrived, that he might return to his father's house. This request was readily granted by the pious captain; for, on his arrival in Liverpool, Jack was permitted to go home.

On his way, his mind was variously exercised. Sometimes his spirit rejoiced in him, at the thought that in a short time he should communicate to his distressed parents the pleasing intelligence of his conversion to God; anon, his mind was greatly depressed, lest, on arriving at the destined spot, he should be under the painful necessity of dropping the unavailing tear over their mouldering ashes.

At the close of the second day's journey, he arrived at the place of his nativity. On entering the village, he inquired of an old man, who was crossing the road, if such a person lived at the high end. On receiving

an answer in the affirmative, his heart leaped for joy. He thought within himself, he should knock at the door, and see if they would recognize him.

On approaching the house, he heard the voice of devotion. It was his father's prayer. He listened, and among the petitions heard the following: "O Lord! thou knowest where he is, who is near and dear to us. If he is alive, follow him with the strivings of the Spirit; and may it please thee to restore the prodigal again to his father's house."

Jack could no longer forbear. He knocked at the door—his affectionate mother appeared—he threw his arms about her, and kissed her—his father, rising from his knees, embraced his long-lost child, and, with inexpressible feelings of pleasure, exclaimed, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." All were suffused with tears, and every countenance bespoke the inward emotions of the heart.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

It ought to be deeply impressed on the mind of every youth, that respectability is attached to no profession. No station can confer it, and no employment, however humble, can deprive a man of it, if the duties of that station be uprightly and virtuously performed. Merit in the man renders his station

respectable. Without intelligence and virtue, the man of property, the physician, the lawyer, or a man of any other station, claims no respect; and with it, the young mechanic, or the farmer, is truly respectable; and respected by all who know him, he cannot fail to be. Let young men employed in the various mechanic trades but use their leisure time for improving their minds; let them, while so doing, shun vice, and abhor the arts of those who would fill them with discontent, poison their principles, and hurry them on to rashness and folly, and they will secure respectability. Franklin was a printer's boy. Sobriety, good conduct, and the judicious improvement of his time, raised him to distinction.

Arkwright occupied the humble post of a barber; but his skill, aided by reading, reflection, and a good conduct, raised him to affluence, the honors of knighthood, and the still greater honor of great usefulness, and an unsullied reputation.

Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, was a shoemaker. He rose to eminence at the bar, to a seat in Congress, and to a great and merited celebrity throughout his country; not by railing at religion, or drinking the debasing pleasures of vice, but by applying his powerful mind to reading and thinking, and by determined adherence to the dictates of right principles. The same road is open to all; and though every young farmer cannot hope to *become a Washington*, nor every mechanic an

Arkwright, or a Sherman, yet all may become virtuous, well informed, and respectable; and at this very day, young mechanics may see before their eyes living examples to show that virtue, industry, and intelligence lead the mechanic to competence, confer on him respect, and array him with influence. Let only the season of youth be rightly improved, and no station of life, no employment, can possibly debar a young man from that weight in the community to which intelligence and virtue always entitle their possessor!—*Rev. Mr. Hamilton.*

PROVIDENCE.

A careless sailor, on going to sea, remarked to his religious brother: "Tom, you talk a great deal about religion and providence; and if I should be wrecked, and a ship was to heave in sight, and take me off, I suppose you would call it a merciful Providence. It's all very well, but I believe no such thing. These things happen, like other things, by mere chance, and you call it Providence; that's all!" He went upon his voyage, and the case he had put hypothetically, was soon literally true. He was wrecked, and remained upon the wreck three days, when a ship appeared, and seeing their signal of distress, came to their relief. He returned, and in relating it, said to his brother, "O Tom, when that ship *hove in sight*, my words to you came in a

moment to my mind. It was like a bolt of thunder; I have never got rid of it; and now I think it no more than an act of common gratitude to give myself up to Him who pitied and saved me."—*Church.*

WALKS OF USEFULNESS IN NEW YORK.

Having reached the wharves at the lower part of the city, I resolved to try the sailors, who appeared to be very busy about their vessels. So I walked up to one, and said to him, "I suppose you have been several voyages." "Yes sir," said he, "I have followed the seas ever since I was fourteen years old, and I have never remained on land more than two months at a time." "And you must have had much rough weather during your life," said I. The pride of the honest tar immediately began to swell, and he gave me a comprehensive history of his dangers and sufferings. "Well, friend, I also am bound on a voyage, and expect it will be full of variety." "Where are you bound?" said he. "To heaven," I replied. "To heaven!" said he, "I do not recollect to have heard of that port. Pray, sir, in what part of the world is it?" "It is in no part of the world, and it is invisible to mortals; and no one who has reached it ever wishes to return to visit his friends." "Indeed," said he, "it must be a *singular place*. What ship do you sail in?"

"In the ship called Divine Providence. I have now been more than thirty years on the voyage, and I know not that I shall reach my place of destination for thirty years to come." Upon this he set up a very hearty laugh, and called to his comrades, who very soon came around him. "Here is a queer fellow," said he to them. "He says he is bound on a voyage to heaven, sails in the ship Divine Providence; that he has been more than thirty years already on the voyage, and does not know that he will reach his port for thirty years to come." They all laughed immoderately, and were about to ask many curious questions; but I desired them to be serious, assuring them there was more meaning in my language than they imagined. I told them they were all bound on the same voyage with myself, though I feared they would not reach the same port, unless they changed their course. "The voyage," said I, "is human life, which is under the direction of Providence; and I perceive that some of you, my friends, have been a considerable time on this voyage. We must all have met with some rough weather; but He who guides the ship has preserved us from sinking. Now, tell me where you expect to be when this voyage is ended? There are but two ports to receive every voyager: these are heaven and hell. I fear many of your companions have already gone to the last place, and you will surely reach there, unless you 'talk about.' " A ser-

ousness appeared in every countenance, which encouraged me to proceed. "I have with me," said I, "a most excellent chart of the voyage above-mentioned, which I will give you, to direct you in the right track. It was drawn by the Master, under whose direction I sail, and by several of his experienced servants; but it was all inspected by him, and is very accurate." So saying, I pulled out a Bible from my pocket, and requested them to accept it, assuring them that if they steered their course by this, they would certainly reach the kingdom of heaven. "This will show you where every danger is, and throw such light upon your course, that you cannot mistake it. If at any time you are in doubt as to the right way, or if you should get out of the way, by consulting your chart you will soon get back again. The reason why so many get wrecked on their voyage is, that they are too proud or too ignorant to examine their chart. They will sail according to their own notions, and hence they always go wrong, and many do not get convinced till it is too late to alter their course. But let us now drop this figurative language, and converse in a plainer style." "O yes," said one, "and you are a clever fellow, and you intend to give us good advice. You are of the same stamp of the man at Philadelphia, who preaches to sailors. I have heard many a good lecture from him, and I hope they have done me good." "Well then," I observed, "I suppose you have often

been in very perilous situations when at sea.' "Yes sir," said the man who had just spoken, "sailors are often at their wits' end, and very frequently there is but a step between them and death." "And, I suppose, when you have seen your danger, and have expected to be swallowed up in the deep, you cried to the Lord for mercy." "Yes," said another, "I remember when our ship sprang a leak in a storm, and we were told we must soon be in eternity, I fell to praying very earnestly. I said if God would deliver me from death, I would never be so wicked again as I had been; I would never swear, nor quarrel, nor do anything which I knew to be wrong." "And did you remember your resolutions, and 'pay the vows which your lips uttered when you was in trouble?'" "O no, sir, I soon forgot the danger, and became as thoughtless and wicked as ever." Several of them acknowledged that they had conducted in a similar manner. "How great has been the mercy of God," said I, "toward you. He has delivered you in six troubles; he has quelled the boisterous waves, when they were ready to swallow you up. You ought to have remembered his wonders in the deep, and to have praised his name. I hope you will think upon your ways, and turn your feet unto God's testimonies, that you will make haste and delay not to keep his commandments; and may we all remember that we are wafted upon the ocean of life towards that 'undiscovered

country, from whose bourne no one returns. And may we so live in this world, through the faith of the Son of God, who loved us, and gave himself for us, that we may all be safely anchored in that haven, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." I cast my eye over the little group, and perceived the tears trickling down the weather-beaten cheeks of several. As I parted from them, they all pulled off their hats in a respectful manner, and pronounced many benedictions.—*Guardian and Monitor.*

THE CONFESSION.—A TRUE STORY.

Children should be early impressed with the necessity and importance of recalling and confessing their sins. To confess particular sins is often a profitable exercise, as by repeating only a general confession, they may acquire a habit of passing it thoughtlessly over, or looking upon sin merely as something of common and unavoidable occurrence. The following story was related to me by the person under whose observation the incident happened, and will serve as a striking instance of the hardness of heart which may come upon those who neglect or omit this important duty.

"Several years since, the commander of a vessel, on the eve of sailing for America, from Calcutta, was applied to by a seaman, for the purpose of being engaged in his employ. He

professed to be an Englishman, and, by his conversation, appeared to be above the class of ordinary sailors. He was pale and thin, and withal had such a careworn and dejected countenance, that he seemed hardly fitted to undertake the duties of a long voyage. He produced, however, testimonials of faithfulness and industry from several respectable employers, and, as he declared himself in good health, and stated that the climate had caused his temporary emaciation, he was engaged, and forthwith entered upon the duties of his new station.

"After the vessel had set sail, he became distinguished among his fellow-seamen for his reserve, and unwillingness to be associated with them, evidently not from pride, or personal dislike to them, but from a peculiar sullenness of temper; and the abstracted and unhappy look which he always wore, and the short, repulsive answers which he gave to all, soon estranged him from the kind regards, and even the passing notice of his companions. He was, however, steadily seen at his duties, passively and silently obedient to every order, neglecting nothing that was assigned to him, and, under all circumstances, appearing cold, and unmoved, and uninterested.

"'Never,' said his commander, 'have I seen such a personification of a statue. His features were as of chiselled marble—fixed and unrelaxing, and his eyes with one amazing expression of sullen despair. In so large a

ship's company, we were not often thrown into close and familiar contact, and when not in the act of obeying my immediate orders, he would always avoid me when I approached him. Though there were several things in his air and conduct to repel inquiry, yet I several times ventured to ask him particulars of his health or history. His answers, though respectful, were short and unsatisfactory; and, indeed, he seemed possessed of a peculiar faculty of repulsing even his superiors.'

" 'Nearly two months of the voyage had passed without any incident occurring worthy of note. I had remarked no change in him, except that he had become evidently much emaciated; and although no complaint escaped him, he was visibly and daily losing strength. When I told him I was willing to excuse him from his more laborious duties; he coldly replied: 'I do not wish to be idle. I am not so strong as I might be, but I am well enough.' This was said in his usual repulsive tone, and as I saw his unwillingness to receive even the expressions of kindness or interest, I forbore to molest him further.

" 'About this time, we experienced a severe hurricane, which required every one at his post, and at active duty. In the course of the day, I missed the English seaman, and on asking for him, was told he was so feeble as to be unable to leave his bed. Being myself constantly engaged in the duties of my station, *I gave orders that he should be well taken*

care of; and when I afterwards inquired about him, I was always told, that he was well enough, but was too cross and lazy to work—that it was no use to offer him any kindness as 'he would only answer angrily in return; and that he was of too bad a temper even to eat more than occasionally a sea biscuit. Even if I had had leisure to attend to him, I own I had almost conceived a dislike to the man, so forbidding and disagreeable had been his whole behavior; consequently, I felt but little inclination to have more intercourse with him than was necessary. My engagements, however, were too peremptory to admit of further attentions on my part than inquiries respecting him.

“ ‘For three weeks we experienced such a continuance of boisterous and severe weather, that every man in the ship was almost in constant requisition. I was myself worn down with want of rest; and I should have thought two hours of uninterrupted sleep a luxury.

“ ‘At length we were cheered by the return of fair weather, and never was rest more needed and welcomed by all. It had become almost a perfect calm, and about midnight I had thrown myself across a berth and fallen asleep. I had been sleeping probably not more than half an hour, when I was awakened by a slight noise, and standing up, I beheld at the foot of the cabin stairs a tall, strange-looking figure, wrapped in a sheet, which nearly touched the ground! One wasted arm was exposed,

and as the emaciated hand grasped the sheet, it seemed as if through the transparent skin every bone could be counted. The bright moonlight enabled me to discern every feature, and so intensely were the black sunken eyes fixed upon me, that for an instant a feeling of awe came over me. The next moment I was on my feet, and receiving no answer to my question of 'Who are you?' I stepped forward and raised my hand as if to grasp the arm, when the man replied in a low voice, 'Do me no harm, sir, I am Ned Wilson.' It was the English sailor, whom I had not seen for three weeks, and who had become so altered, that not until I had looked fixedly at him, did I recognise his pallid features. I said to him in a stern tone, 'And what has brought you here at such an hour? Come, go immediately to bed.' He answered, but in a tone of voice so unlike his usual manner of speaking, that I was touched in a moment. 'Don't speak harshly to me, sir, I beseech you.' 'Well then,' I said, as kindly as I could, 'tell me what has brought you here at such an hour. It is not fit that one so enfeebled as you appear to be, should be out of his bed. Come, I will take you back.' 'No, no,' and he gasped for breath as he laid his hand upon my arm, 'they—my messmates—would hear what I have to say, and it must not be.' The thought instantly occurred to me that he was not in his *right* mind, and I again said to him, 'Come, *come, you must go back* it is very wrong for

you to be here—you will be better in bed.' 'Sir,' said he in a solemn tone, 'you must hear me. I rise from my death bed to tell you what no other ears must hear, and which must be told before I die, or,' he stopped, and a convulsive shuddering shook his whole frame. 'Or what!' I asked. 'Or my soul, is lost forever!'

"'I was for a moment subdued and awed by his unearthly appearance, and the solemn stillness that reigned around added effect to what he said. It again occurred to me that he might be raving, and I again endeavored to persuade him to go to bed. But he stopped me with—'As a dying man, I will be heard; and if you will save my soul, you will hear me.' Willing to soothe his increasing agitation, I told him to be brief, as,—if he wished to communicate anything secretly to me—we should be interrupted by the awakening of those sleeping near us. He looked suspiciously around, and approaching me closely, whispered, 'But you must swear, swear solemnly, never, never to reveal what I shall confess.' I promised faithfully to keep his secret; and as, in broken and detached sentences, he related the particulars of a dreadful crime which he had committed several years before, I became almost as agitated as himself. As he concluded he seemed relieved of a fearful burthen. We were both silent for several minutes. 'And now,' said he, grasping my arm and *looking in my face*, as if his destiny depended

on my answer, 'tell me if my soul is lost forever.'

"'I replied, 'yours is a dreadful crime; but to the repentant sinner there is offered free forgiveness.'

"'Repentant!' he exclaimed, 'God, who sees my heart, knows if I have repented or not; but I have never ventured to ask his forgiveness, convinced that he would have no mercy for me.'

"'Why have you presumed to set limits to his mercy?' I said. He paused, and then answered, 'For so many years have I been accustomed to think of Him only as the angry judge of my soul, that I have never thought of His mercy? If I had thought of it, I should also have remembered that He has promised to punish the wicked.'

"'I replied, 'He will punish the wicked, but the penitent sinner He will receive and pardon.'

"'But my sin!' said he emphatically, 'can such be within reach of his mercy.'

"'I answered, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; wash in it, and be clean.'

"'Oh, those precious words!' he exclaimed, 'they are like some half-remembered dream. I have heard them many, many years ago; can they indeed speak to me?' He sank back faint and exhausted, and with difficulty I conveyed him to his bed. I offered him *some refreshment*, which somewhat revived

him, and giving him in charge of one of his companions, was leaving him to repose, which he seemed so much to require, when he beckoned me to remain, and made signs to me to speak more. I told him he was not in a condition to hear more that night, and that I would see him in the morning. He stretched out his hand, and clasping mine would not relax his hold. I stopped and whispered, 'I must leave you alone with God; to him make confession of your sin, and implore forgiveness. I cannot save you from His wrath, but One mighty to save you has interceded for you, and He will prevail. He has invited you to come to Him, and accept the salvation which he died to obtain for you.'

"He pressed my hand and then released me, repeating almost inaudibly, 'to-morrow.'

"The next day, so soon as my leisure would permit, I again visited him, carrying with me a Bible, which I presented to him. He received it joyfully, and exclaimed, 'This is the message of salvation.' He was extremely weak, and spoke with difficulty. His calm and pleasant answers had attracted the attention of his companions; and they gathered around him, with their characteristic kindness, to administer to his wants. I heard them as I passed, wondering what could have changed his angry way towards them. He told me himself, he felt like another being; and from day to day he continued to rejoice in the new view he had of the character of God.

“‘He lingered two or three weeks, and then died calm and resigned. As his bodily frame became more wasted and feeble, his mind seemed supported and strengthened. His Bible was always open before him, and he was almost constantly engaged in prayer, his lips moving when he could no longer articulate. He expressed strong faith in the merits of a Saviour, and when thanking me for having led him to that safe refuge, he said: ‘Sir, it was confession of sin that brought me to his feet. If I had been taught in early life to confess my sins constantly to God, I should never have despaired of His mercy. But I went on from sin to sin, reckless and hardened, until I was tempted to commit that fearful crime. I thought I had already sinned past forgiveness, and that this one could make me no worse. But confession of sin brought repentance for sin; then this hard heart was softened, and first felt the need and sufficiency of the Saviour. Oh, those who confess their sins to God, and repent, will never stay away from Christ.’”—*From the Journal of Religious Education.*

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THE MAGNITUDE OF CREATION.

The number of systems in the heavens which lie within the range of our telescopes, *is reckoned to be at least one hundred mil-*

lions. In the regions of infinite space, beyond the boundaries of these, it is not improbable, that ten thousand times ten thousand millions of other systems are running their ample rounds. With each of these systems, it is probable that at least a hundred worlds are connected. Every one of these worlds and systems, we have reason to believe differs from another, in its size, splendor and internal arrangements, in the peculiar beauties and sublimities with which it is adorned, and in the organization and capacities of the beings with which it is furnished. The immense multitude of rational beings and other existences with which creation is replenished; is an idea which completely overpowers the human faculties, and is beyond the power of our arithmetical notation to express. Even the multiplicity of objects in *one* world or system, is beyond our distinct conception. How very feeble and imperfect conceptions have we attained of the immensity of radiations of light incessantly emitted from the sun, and falling upon our globe, and of the innumerable crossings and recrossings of these rays from every object around, in order to produce vision to every beholder!—of the incalculable myriads of invisible animalculæ which swim in the waters and fly in the air, and preva^de every department of nature!—of the particles of vapor which float in the atmosphere, and of the drops of water contained in the caverns of the ocean! of the

millions of individuals belonging to every species of vegetables, of which 50,000 different species have already been discovered, and of the number of trees, shrubs, flowers, and plants of every description, which have flourished since the creation!—of the countless myriads of the lower animals, and of the human species, which have been brought into existence since the commencement of time, and of those which are yet to appear in regular succession, till time shall be no more!—of the immense variety of movements, adjustments, and adaptations connected with the structure of an animal body, of which fourteen thousand may be reckoned as belonging to the system of bones and muscles comprised in the human frame, besides a distinct variety of as numerous adaptations in each of the 60,000 different species of animals which are already known to exist!—of the countless globules contained in the eyes of the numerous tribe of beetles, flies, butterflies, and other insects, of which 27,000 have been counted in a single eye! And if the multiplicity of objects in one world overwhelms our powers of conception and computation, how much more the number and variety of beings and operations connected with the economy of millions of worlds! No finite intelligence, without a profound knowledge of numbers, in all their various combinations, can form even a rude conception of the diversified scenes of the universe; and yet, without some faint conception, at least, of such objects, the

perfections of the Creator, and glories of his kingdom, cannot be appreciated.—*Dr. Dick.*

THE BETHEL FLAG.

The inquiry is often made, at what time the efforts for the spiritual improvement of seamen were commenced, and particularly under what circumstances the *Bethel flag* was adopted as a signal of worship.

It was sometime in the year 1814, when it was discovered, that a few pious sailors, on board of the coal ships at Rotherhithe, near London, were in the practice of meeting together, for prayer. A few religious men from the shore began to attend occasionally with them, and meetings of this description became somewhat common. They began to call them "Bethel meetings," applying to these assemblages the name which Jacob gave to the place where God met him in the field, affirming it to be none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven. The idea of converting a vessel, a place which had been proverbially wicked, into the very gate of heaven to souls, led probably to the custom of calling it "a Bethel."

The work of God gradually advanced; many ships were added to the number for encouraging prayer; and, it being winter, a lantern, hoisted at the main top-gallant mast-head, was fixed on as the signal to apprise the sailors

what ship was agreed on for the night. As the spring advanced, it was agreed that a blue flag should be made, the word Bethel in the centre, and a star in the corner, rising in the East, in red. Another flag, with a dove bearing an olive-branch, has since been added. This was first hoisted on the Lord's day afternoon, on board the Zephyr, when the people assembled were more numerous than on any former occasion.

This took place in the early part of the year 1817, and the Bethel flag continued to be used as a signal for worship, in England, from that day forward. Its introduction on board of American vessels was about four years after, and it is thus related by the Rev. John Allen, of Huntsville, Ala., who was principal actor in the scene :

"During my stay in London, the executive committee of the British and Foreign Seamen's Friend Society determined to send out to this country a Bethel Union Flag, and desired me to be the bearer of it. At a meeting held at the Free Mason's Hall, by the friends of seamen, I publicly pledged myself to hoist the Bethel flag.

"On the 22d of February, 1821, Mr. Phillips, a devoted friend to seamen, and one of the leading members of the British and Seamen's Friend Society, sent to my lodgings the promised Bethel Union Flag. On Friday, the 2d of March, I sailed from Liverpool for *New York*, in the packet-ship *James Monroe*,

commanded by Captain Rogers. On the 11th of March, 1821, the second Sabbath after leaving Liverpool, having previously obtained permission of the Captain, I hoisted the flag with my own hands, agreeably to a pledge given at the meeting at the Free Mason's Hall, referred to above. It was a most lovely day—not a cloud was to be seen. We had now fairly cleared the coast of Ireland, about which, and in the channel, we had been contending with head winds. We were now enabled to keep our course, under an easy press of sail. Early in the morning, the Captain furnished me a hand to rig the flag. The man had never seen a flag of this description before, and very naturally asked me what nation it belonged to? I told him it was for all nations, explaining to him the object of the invention. He listened with great interest. The necessary preparations being made for hoisting, I took hold of the halyard, and run up the Bethel Union Flag, with great pleasure. As it floated gaily over the stern of our gallant vessel, I gazed on it with delight. Never had I seen a flag possessing in my view so much interest. Indeed, it was an object of pleasing contemplation to all on board. There was something in the device so beautifully appropriate, it could not fail to excite some interest in the bosoms of all who beheld it. After this, it was regularly hoisted on every Sabbath, at which time we uniformly had *public worship*. Agreeably to a suggestion

of the Captain, we intended entering the harbor of New York with the Bethel Flag flying at the mast-head, but in this we were disappointed, as we came in during a snow-storm, with our top-gallant mast down, snugly stowed away on deck. We landed on the 17th day of April, and found the whole city covered with snow. On the next day, I handed over the Bethel Union Flag to the Rev. Ward Stafford, at that time engaged in preaching to the sailors in New York."

The Flag thus presented by Mr. Allen to Mr. Stafford, was first displayed at the Mariner's Church, in New York, in June following. The following note, from a manuscript journal of the late Capt. Christopher Priner, records the fact:

"Sunday, June 3, 1821. The Bethel Flag is to be hoisted at the Mariner's Church to-day. This flag was made in England, and sent out to us as a present, showing their approbation of the interest we have taken in the salvation of mariners; inviting us to persevere unto the end, and that they would unite with us in that glorious cause. Mr. Ballintine, a Baptist minister, performed the services. His text was, 1 Timothy, 1: 15. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.'"

ON SIN.

Satan knows that one sin lived in and allowed, will as certainly shut the soul out of heaven, as many. One sin allowed and countenanced, will spoil the sweet music of conscience. One sin allowed will make death as terrible and formidable to the soul as many. O remember, that as one hole in the ship will sink it—as one glass of poison will kill a man—as one act of treason makes a traitor, so one sin loved and practised, will ruin a man forever. Satan can be contented that men yield to God in many things, provided they be true to him in some one thing; for he knows very well that one sin allowed and lived in, gives him as much advantage against the soul as more. There never was a false professor who did not live under the power of one sin; and who can say that it is otherwise with him, I dare assure that man, in the Lord's name, that he is no hypocrite.

THE SABBATH.

Let the difference which you put between the Sabbath day and other days, be from conscience, not from custom.

The day before the Sabbath should be a day of preparation for the Sabbath; not of *our houses and stables*, but of *our hearts*.

The stream of religion runs either deep or shallow, as the banks of the Sabbath are kept or neglected.

He that never examines his own heart, is like a captain of a vessel who never examines his ship, to see if there is a leak; and without reformation, all such will finally shipwreck their souls, and all will be lost. Alas! what multitudes who once shone as burning lights, have perished for lack of self-examination. Reader, art thou secure?—*Matthew Henry.*

THE YOUNG MAN FROM HOME.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

Two young men, the children of pious and wealthy parents, felt themselves exceedingly displeased at being constantly refused the family carriage on the Lord's day. It was in vain they urged their confinement during the week, as a sufficient reason why they should be thus indulged on the Sunday. It was the father's settled rule, that the authority which commanded him to rest, included also the servants and cattle; he therefore turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and remonstrances. In their madness, or in their folly, they determined to resent this refusal, by leaving their situations, and going to sea. Intelligence of *this step* was transmitted to the Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, and he was requested to

make diligent inquiry, and on finding them, to use every possible means to induce them to return home. After some search he found them in a rendezvous house, and introducing himself, he stated his business, and urged their return. He, however, urged in vain; for, bent upon the fulfilment of their design, they thanked him for his advice, but determined to reject it. Among other reasons for their return, he urged the feelings of their parents, and especially those of their mother.

"Think," said the good man, "what must your mother's situation be, after years of anxious watching and fervent prayer; after looking forward to this time, when in your society, and in your welfare, she hoped to meet a rich reward for all that she had suffered on your account; yet, in one moment, and by one imprudent step, she finds you plunged into misery, the depths of which you cannot conceive, and herself the subject of a wretchedness she has never deserved at your hands." In the heart of the youngest, there was a sense of gratitude, which answered to this appeal, and, bursting into tears, he expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and his willingness to return. Still, the eldest remained obstinate. Neither arguments persuaded him, nor warnings alarmed him. The carriage had been repeatedly refused; he had made up his mind to go to sea, and to sea he would go. "Then," said Mr. Griffin, "come with me to my house; *I will get you a ship, and you shall go out* ~~an~~

a man and a gentleman." This he declined, assigning as a reason, that it would make his parents feel to have it said, that their son was gone as a common sailor; therefore, he would go. "Is that your disposition?" was the reply. "Then, young man, go," said Mr. Griffin, "and while I say, God go with you, be sure your sin will find you out, and for it God will bring you into judgment." With reluctance they left him; the younger son was restored to his parents, while all traces of the elder one were lost, and he was mourned for as one dead.

After the lapse of many years, a loud knocking was heard at Mr. Griffin's door. This was early in the morning. On the servant's going down to open the door, he found a waterman, who wished immediately to see her master. Mr. Griffin soon appeared, and was informed that a young man under sentence of death, and about to be executed on board one of the ships in the harbor, had expressed an earnest desire to see him, urging, among other reasons, he could not die happy unless he did. A short time found the minister of religion on board the ship, when the prisoner, manacled and guarded, was introduced to him, to whom he said, "My poor friend, I feel for your condition, but as I am a stranger to you, may I ask why you have sent for me? It may be that you have heard me preach at Portsea." "*Never, sir. Do you not know me?*" "*I do not.*" "*Do you not remember the two*

young men whom you, some years since, urged to return to their parents, and to their duty?" "I do! I do remember it; and I remember that you were one of them." "I have sent, then, for you, to take my last farewell of you in this world, and to bless you for your efforts to restore me to a sense of my duty. Would God that I had taken your advice; but it is now too late. My sin has found me out, and for it God has brought me into judgment. One, and but one consolation remains. I refused the offer of going to your house until I could be provided for, assigning as a reason, that it would make my parents feel to have it said that their son was a common sailor. A little reflection showed me the cruelty of this determination. I assumed another name, under which I entered myself; and my chief consolation is, that I will die unpitied and unknown."

What the feelings of Mr. Griffin were at this sad discovery, may be more easily conceived than described. He spent some time with him in prayer, and offered him that advice which was best suited to his unhappy case. The prisoner was again placed in confinement, and Mr. Griffin remained with the officer who was then on duty. "Can nothing be done for this poor young man?" was one of the first inquiries made after the prisoner was withdrawn. "I fear not," replied the officer; "the lords of the admiralty have determined to make an example of the first

offender in that particular crime. He unfortunately is that offender; and we hourly expect a warrant for his execution." Mr. Griffin determined to go immediately to London, and in humble dependence upon the Lord, to make every effort to save the criminal's life, or to obtain a commutation of the sentence. It was his lot on the day of his arrival at the metropolis, to obtain an interview with one of the lords of the admiralty, to whom he stated the respectability of the young man's connexion, his bitter and unfeigned regret for the crime which had forfeited his life; and, with that earnestness which the value of life is calculated to excite, ventured to ask if it was impossible to spare him. To his regret, he was informed that the warrant for his execution had been that morning signed, and was on its way to the officer whose melancholy duty it was to see it executed. With compassion the nobleman said, "Go back, sir, and prepare him for the worst. I cannot tell what is to be done; but we are shortly to meet his majesty in council, and all that you have urged shall then be stated; may it prove successful." Mr. Griffin returned, but discovered that the morning of his reaching home was the time appointed for the young man's execution. Joy, and fear, and anxiety, by turns, possessed his mind, as within a few minutes after his arrival came a pardon, accompanied with the most earnest request to go *immediately* on board, lest the sentence of the

law should be executed before he could reach the ship.

Upon the issue of a moment now rested the life of a fellow-creature, and perhaps the salvation of an immortal soul. The minister reached the harbor, and saw the yellow flag, the signal of death, flying, the rigging manned, and, for aught he knew to the contrary, the object of his solicitude at the last moment of his mortal existence. He reached the ship's side; and saw an aged man leaving, whose sighs, and groans, and tears, proclaimed a heart bursting with grief, and a soul deeper in misery than the depth of the water he was upon. It was the prisoner's father! Under the assumed name, he had discovered his wretched son, and had been to take his last farewell of him. Yes, it was the father who had brought him up in the fear of the Lord; who, in his earliest days, had led him to the house of God; and who, when lost, had often inquired in prayer; "Lord, where is my child?" Fearfully was he answered; he had found him, but it was to part, never in this world to meet again. Such, at least, must have been his conclusions at that moment, when, having torn himself from the embrace of his son, he was in the act of leaving the ship. The rest is told in a few words. With Mr. Griffin he re-entered the vessel at the moment when the prisoner, pinioned for execution, was advancing towards the fatal spot, where he was to be summoned into the presence of God. A moment found him in

the embrace, not of death, but of his father; his immediate liberation followed the knowledge of his pardon; and a few days restored the wanderer to the bosom of his family.—*Rev. J. Angell James.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE

In scaling the walls of a city, the shields were placed over the head. Hence the allusion, *Job*, xli. 7, "Canst thou fill his head with barbed irons?"

In the ancient games, the judges determined, not only whether a person had won, but whether he had done it fairly. In allusion to this, Paul says, *2 Tim.* ii. 5, "And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully."

1 Cor. iv. 9, "For I think that God hath set forth us, the apostles, last, as it were, appointed unto death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." An allusion this to the practice of compelling condemned criminals to fight with each other, or with wild beasts, until death.

The custom of washing the hands before meals, originated from the ancient practice of conveying food to the mouth in the fingers.

Luke, xviii. 12, "I fast twice in the week." The Pharisees were accustomed to fast twice a week, viz.: on the Thursday, when, they supposed, Moses ascended Mount Sinai, and

on Monday, when he descended. The name, *Pharisee*, means one who is desirous of knowing his duties, in order that he may do it.

Jerusalem is in latitude $31^{\circ} 50'$ N., thirty-seven miles from the Mediterranean, and twenty-three from Jordan.

When viewed as the work of very ancient times, and in reference to the notions which then prevailed, Solomon's Temple may be considered *magnificent*; but it ought not to be compared with more recent specimens of architecture.

In every city there was a tribunal of seven Judges, with two Levites, which decided causes of less moment. It was denominated *krisis*, or "the judgment." See *Matt.* v. 22, "He shall be in danger of the judgment."

The time at which causes were tried was the morning, and hence the expression, *Jer.* xxi. 12, "Execute judgment in the morning."

Job, xiv. 17, "My transgression is sealed up in a bag, and thou sewest up mine iniquity." The charge against a person, and his defence, were both committed to writing, and sealed up.

A drink of wine, mingled with myrrh, was given to criminals before their sufferings, to produce intoxication. This was refused by our Saviour, who chose to die with the faculties of his mind undisturbed and unclouded.

The dress of the crucified persons was always given to the soldiers. Hence, *Matt.* xxvii. 35, and other places.

In Egypt there are still found the remains

of splendid sepulchres, which, when we consider their antiquity, their costliness, and the consequent notice which they attracted, account for the expressions in *Job*, iii. 14: "Then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, who built desolate places for themselves."

Sepulchres are often painted or whited without: Hence the force of our Lord's comparison, *Matt.* xxiii. 27.

"A Sabbath day's journey" is 729 English paces, and three feet. *Acts* i. 12. This measure is a sort of Jewish invention, founded on *Ex.* xvi. 29.—*John's Biblical Archæology.*

THE FIRST OATH ON BOARD.

"My lads," said a captain, when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter deck, to take command of the ship, "there is one law that I am determined to make, and I shall insist upon its being kept; indeed, it is a favor which I ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain, who promises to treat you well, one favor?" "Ay, ay, sir," cried all hands. "Please to let us know what it is, sir," said a rough-looking, hoarse-voiced boatswain. "Why, my lads," said the captain, "it is this: that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship."

This is a law I cannot dispense with ; I must insist upon it ; I cannot be denied. No man on board must swear an oath before I do. I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board H. M. S. C——. What say you, my lads, will you grant me the favor ? Remember, you will come aft to ask favors of me, soon. Come, what do you say ? Am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board the C—— ?” The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. “They were taken,” says one, “all aback.” “They were brought,” says another, “all standing.” They looked at each other for a moment, as if they would say, why, there is to be no swearing in the ship. The captain reiterated his demand, in a firm but pleasant voice : “Now, my fine fellows, what do you say. Am I to have the privilege from this time of swearing the first oath on board ?”

The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company announced, “Ay, ay, sir,” with their accustomed three cheers, when they left the quarter deck.

“I say, Jack,” said one of the sailors to the boatswain's mate, as they went down the main hatch-way ladder, “my eyes, but what a skipper we've skipped now. Stand clear, Jack, tackling fore and aft, now ; look out for squalls now every day on board ; mind you

don't rap out, Jack, as you generally do ; clap a stopper on the red rope now ; keep your eye upon the corporal, all hands ; the captain's to swear the first oath ; depend upon it, he'll have the first fellow to the gangway who swears an oath before he begins."

The effect was good. Swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.

"HOLD ON, MOTHER."

The exhortation of a sailor to his widowed mother. She has several children, for whom she has "prayed day and night, exceedingly." Manifestly in answer to her prayers, one after another has been awakened by the spirit of God, convinced of sin, and subdued into saving reconciliation, through the mediation of Christ crucified. One of her sons has for eleven years "followed the seas." Much has she prayed for her "poor sailor boy," and many a letter has she written him, rich with maternal counsel and solicitude. When at home, she has taken unwearied pains, such as none but a pious mother would take, to withdraw him from all improper associations, and to interest him in whatever things are pure, and true, and lovely.

At length she has received letters from him, which breathe a new spirit, and speak a new language. I have just listened to the voice *of that mother*, as with "joy unspeakable."

she has read to me three of those letters, richly expressive of the views and feelings of a new-born soul. In them all, he acknowledges his special indebtedness to her faithful warnings, and her persevering prayers. In one he speaks of the condition and prospects of her children who still remain impenitent; and in order to encourage her to do for them as she had done for him, he says, "hold on, mother; your prayers may yet be answered in their conversion."

What better counsel can I, or can any one give to every praying mother in the land? "Hold on, mother." Your children may not be converted to-day, or to-morrow—this year, or the next; but "be not weary in well-doing;" "hold on" to the divine promise, and divine faithfulness, and "be not faithless, but believing."

"It shan't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain."

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S IDEA OF PROFANE SWEARING.

DEDICATED TO ALL OFFICERS, MILITARY OR CIVIL.

Extracts from the orderly book of the army, under the command of Washington, dated at head quarters, in the city of New York, August 8, 1776:

"The General is sorry to be informed, that

the foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of heaven on our arms, if we insult it by impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING A SPLENDID
LAMP OVER ONE OF THE GIN PALACES IN
HULL, ENGLAND.

Saw you yonder brilliant light?
Ask you why it shines so bright?
Why, 'midst all the rest, 't is seen,
Varied, crimson, amber, green?
Sure 't is lit to warn from danger
Neighbor, friend, and passing stranger,
Or direct you in, to where
Christians meet for praise and prayer.
List! I'll tell you what's oft told:
"All that glitters is not gold,"
Nor is all that shines so bright,
Pure and hallowed heavenly light.
Would you shun the path to ruin?
Would you 'scape your soul's undoing?
"Enter not the bar"—'tis death;
Flee its pestilential breath.
Hark! what sounds of mirth and madness,
Oaths and curses, sighs and sadness;
See, what "babbling" and "contention,"
"Woe and sorrow," not to mention;
"Eyes of redness," pallid faces,
"Causeless wounds," and faltering paces;

Trace them to their cheerless hearth :
 Mark, what misery, want, and dearth,
 Weeping children, wife heart-broken ;
 Of peace and plenty not one token.
 O ! surely, then, this brilliant light
 Is presage sad of endless night,
 Of sorrows deeper I could tell :
 Flee, then, O flee, these gates of Hell.

Hull, 1840.

W. F. T.

THE SAILOR BOY.

"Fifteen years ago," said a pious sea captain, "I commanded a ship in the merchant service. It fell to my lot to lodge under the roof of a pious widow, who had one son, the stay and support of her age.

"This lad conducted with great propriety in his situation ; but all in a moment, like a clap of thunder, the report came to his mother's ears, that he had committed an offence, which, though morally speaking, was not of the most serious nature, it was nevertheless sufficient to touch his life. The poor mother, by the advice of some friends, was induced to send her son on board a man-of-war ; and who would have thought, that in sending him there, he was to be brought to know and love the truth ? But God has his way in the deep. He soon became acquainted with a corporal of marines, the only man on board who knew and loved the truth. He began to speak to him of the love of Christ for poor sinners. *This was the very conversation suited to his*

heart, whose crime was yet on his conscience; and the pious man was glad to make known to him the way of life and comfort, as exhibited in the Holy Word. Thus these two sparks in the midst of the ocean, came in contact, and here they met, under the scoffs and sneers of a licentious crew. These two became three, and then four, and five, and so on, till in time fifty of their shipmates, among whom were some of the officers, became the humble followers of Christ. You will readily believe how glad the heart of the poor widow was, when she received the first letter from her son, to find that the storm which seemed to threaten nothing but destruction to his peace, should break in blessings on his head. The vessel was four years on the Mediterranean station, and engaged in some bloody battles, in which the poor, despised Christians, gave the strongest proof of their valor. And when the vessel was paid off, and every one rolled in money, they gave the noblest testimony that the work of God upon them was real and divine."—*Youth's Monitor*.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY OF A CAPTAIN.

"I have," said the Captain, "never had any difficulty in being a cold-water man. Everywhere, and in all circumstances—in the coldest weather, and in the warmest climate—I have found that it answers well, and saves from

many dangers. The ship's crew have invariably behaved well when tee-totallers. I never knew insubordination on board ship from drinking water; but I have known many cases, arising out of the use of intoxicating liquor. For four years I have sailed upon the mighty deep without one drop of the drunkard's drink. But upon one occasion the merchant that I traded for became a brewer—and when about to sail he said, "Capt. H., you must be like other ships that sail for our company; you must take liquors on board." "Sir," said I, "the understanding with which I took command of the ship was, that I was allowed to sail upon temperance principles; and I have only to say that, if you send any liquors on board, you will please send a captain to take charge of them. I will do no such thing." I was allowed to sail upon my own principles. But when I was in London, I received a letter, requesting me to encourage a particular public-house. I wrote immediately, saying that I could not in any way encourage the sellers of intoxicating drinks, and if my employers insisted upon it, they must send a captain to take charge of the ship. It was no trifling matter. I had a wife and family to support, and no prospect of another ship; but I was resolved, by the grace of God, that, let the consequence be what it might, I *would not sacrifice my principles*. I was taken at my word; a captain ar-

rived to take my place; and I never in my life gave up anything so freely.

"But—mark the good providence of God!—that very day I received a letter, offering me a larger ship, and a new one. My ship sailed when under my command upon cold-water principles."

The captain related an account of a ship that had become water-logged, the crew of which took refuge in the rigging, and lived for thirty-one days upon water only; all other means of subsistence having been washed away.—He spoke strongly of the value of water.—*British Temperance Advocate.*

SMUGGLING.

Capt. M—— was lately in company with a gentleman who was talking very lightly about *smuggling*, and saying that there was "no harm in it." The captain asked the gentleman "what religion he was of?" The gentleman said, "Why, sir, I am a Christian." "Now, sir, then," said the captain, "I know how to speak to you. Did not your Master tell you to 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's?' We conceive that such an answer at once settles the question to every *Christian* as to the payment of taxes, tithes, rates, and tribute in every form, it does not prevent any member of the community from wishing to see these matters put upon a proper foot

ing, nor from suggesting any just means of lightening those burdens, and of thus giving every practicable relief to the public; but as long as these tributes are required by the laws of a country, to keep them back is nothing short of downright dishonesty, however men may try to gloss this over by false names.

THE SEAMAN'S PRAYER, ON LEAVING PORT

Great God! while now each sail we spread,
And the breeze is fresh'ning o'er our head,
We'll lift our hearts to thee in prayer,—
Bow down, Most Merciful and hear.

Our track is o'er the curling foam,
And while we wander far from home,
Let they bright bow of promise light
Our dangerous path by day and night.

When tempests sweep o'er ocean's breast,
And raging seas lift up each crest,
May we in faith, look up and see
Thy face in sweet benignity.

And in the watches of the night,
When stars shed down their trembling light,
May we, oh God! thy presence own,
And lift our souls to thee alone.

Thou know'st how frail our bodies be,—
How prone to sin, how dead to thee.
Oh! warm them into life and love,
And lift them to the realms above.

And when life's toilsome voyage is o'er,
In joy we reach the heavenly shore
With each sail fur'd, and anchor cast,
We'll sing thy praises to the last.

Oct. 12, 1840.

YOUNG MEN.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves, at their outset in life, in a good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one who starts with plenty of money. Let any one look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with abundant means, and trace them down to the present day—how many of these now boast of wealth and standing? On the contrary, how many have become poor, lost their places in society, and are passed by their own boon companions with a look which painfully says, I know you not!

CHOOSE GOOD COMPANY.

Young men are, in general, but little aware how their reputation is affected in the view of the public, by the company they keep. The character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. If they seek the society of the worthy, it elevates them in the public estimation, as it is an evidence that they respect others. On the contrary, intimacy with *persons of bad character* always sinks a young *man in the eye of the public.*

THE INFIDEL'S CONFESSION OF FAITH; OR, THE
ATHEIST IN A STORM.

Samuel Forester Bancroft, Esq., accompanied Isaac Weld, Jr., in his travels through North America. As they were sailing on Lake Erie in a vessel, on board of which was Volney, celebrated (or rather notorious) for his atheistical principles, which he had so often avowed, a very heavy storm came on, inso-much that the vessel, which had struck repeatedly with great force, was expected to go down every instant. The masts went overboard; the rudder unshipped; and, consequently, the whole scene exhibited confusion and horror. There were many female passengers and others on board, but no one exhibited such strong marks of fearful despair as Volney—throwing himself upon deck; now imploring, then imprecating the captain, and reminding him that he had engaged to carry him safe to his port of destination; vainly threatening, in case anything should happen. As the probability of their being lost increased, this great mirror of nature, human or inhuman, began loading the pockets of his coat, waistcoat, breeches, and everything he could think of, with dollars, to the amount of some hundreds; and this, as he thought, was preparing to swim for his life, should the vessel go to pieces. Mr. Bancroft remonstrated with him on the folly of such acts, saying that he would sink

like a piece of lead, with so great a weight on him; and at length as he became so very noisy and unsteady as to impede the management of the vessel, Mr. Bancroft pushed him down the hatchway. Volney soon came up again, having lightened himself of the dollars, and, in the agony of his mind, threw himself on deck, exclaiming, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "my God! my God!—what shall I do!" This so surprised Bancroft, that notwithstanding the moment did not very well accord with flashes of humor, yet he could not refrain from addressing him: "Well, Mr. Volney—what! you have a God now!" To which Volney replied, with the most trembling anxiety, "O yes! O yes!" The vessel, however, got safe, and Mr. Bancroft made every company which he went into echo with this anecdote of Volney's acknowledgment of God. Volney, for a considerable time, was so hurt at his weakness, as he calls it, that he was ashamed of showing himself in company at Philadelphia. But afterwards he said that those words escaped him in the instant of alarm, but had no meaning.

Infidelity, then, will do only ashore, in fine weather; but it will not stand a gale of wind for a few hours.

Infidels and Atheists! how will you weather an eternal storm?—*A Western Sailor.*

RETIREMENT IN A HAT.

A sailor at the battle of Navarino rushing to a gun at which all the men lay killed and wounded, was chiefly instrumental in saving two ports from being beaten into one by the heavy fire of two Turkish line-of-battle-ships.

"I should like to know," said one to him, "what was the state of your mind when you saw the Turkish fleet, and the drum beat to quarters as you were entering the bay?"

"All I wanted," he replied, "was some retired spot for prayer, that I might commend my soul to God for a few moments, just before I went into action." "You would find that a difficulty, indeed, in a man-of-war, after orders were given to clear away for action."

"True; but there's *retirement in a hat*." "In a hat! I don't understand you." "Perhaps not, and I'll explain myself. We were sailing into the bay; I thought there was a moment of leisure; and leaning over the bulkhead of the forecastle, I took off my hat, and covering my face with my hat, I secretly breathed out a prayer: Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth; thou hast the issue of life and death; all events are at thy command, I leave myself entirely at thy disposal; and if I shall be killed, take care of my family, save my soul, and receive me up into thy glory, O

Lord, through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Amen.' You see, sir, there is retirement in a hat."

A REMARKABLE BIBLE.

We take the following anecdote of the government of John Adams in the settlement of Pitcairn's Island, from the proceedings of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society Anniversary :

The Rev. Mr. Rogers, in speaking before the Seaman's Friend Society, referred to the case of the *Bounty*, Capt. Bligh, the crew of which vessel mutinied many years ago in the Pacific, and some of whom afterwards established themselves with their Otaheitan wives on Pitcairn's Island. After a few years, every male who landed on the island was swept away by massacre, casualty, or disease, with the exception of John Adams, as he is sometimes called. He described the course which this man adopted in regard to the education of the children and women there committed to his care. The only books which he had to aid him were the Bible and a prayer book, which were taken from the *Bounty*; and this Bible was his only guide, and he deeply inculcated its principles on the hearts of those who looked to him for instruction; and under his tuition they learned to read, and became correct *in their manners* and pious in their feelings.

Mr. Rogers said, that to behold the living features of a Washington he would be willing to sacrifice much, and he would travel far to see Oberlin, as he appeared in life, and to render him a tribute of respect and veneration; but to behold that sacred instrument of so much good, that Bible of Pitcairn's Island, would well repay one for traversing oceans; and here, said Mr. Rogers, holding up an old homely looking book, "I hold in my hand that very bible, now more than seventy years old, which has been present amid such a variety of violent and eventful scenes. Its travels are not yet ended; and it brings even to this land the evidence that the sailor can be affected by Christian letters. This bible was given by a deceased aunt of its owner, to a sailor, who presented it to Rev. Mr. Lord, pastor of the Mariners' Church in this city.—*Journal of Commerce.*

"WRONG, I DON'T CARE FOR THAT."

A FACT FOR BOYS.

It was near the close of a beautiful summer's day, that I took my hat to go abroad and enjoy the beauties of the most lovely village in the Middle States. The pure air, the declining sun, the rose and locust odors that perfumed the gardens and streets, refreshed *my spirits* and delighted my heart, after the

toil and the confinement of the day. Going leisurely along, I approached a group of boys, both large and small, in the middle of the street, engaged in earnest conversation. Some made expressive gestures with the hands; several were speaking at once; others, all ears, were listening, or, all eyes, were looking. Some were earnest, some vexed, some doubting. I cast my eyes over their healthy, happy, bright, intelligent faces, and thought how soon manhood would steal over them, and they be called to stand where their fathers stood.

"Well, I think it's wrong!" exclaimed one.

"Wrong!" answered another, scornfully, "wrong! I don't care for that!"

Some of the group laughed at this bold and reckless speech. I looked at the speaker, a blue eyed, light-haired boy, whose slender frame and agile notions were full of grace. He did not look as though he could utter and act upon a sentiment like that. And, as I walked on, with no other thought to interest me, the words of the boy were resolved in my mind. "Wrong! I don't care for that!" How little he realizes the sad and dreadful meaning of those words thought I; and yet, brief as they are, they comprehend all that reckless hardihood of principle which desolates the world with crime! I passed by his father's house. Quietly and beautifully it stood beneath the shadow of tall trees. It *seemed* as if the refinement, and elegance *which* education, piety and wealth threw

around its interior, with the rural beauty and deep quiet which surrounded it, made this home a sanctuary where his rash and unholy expression could find no favor, however it might astonish or delight his playfellows.

Many years have passed since then. I often think of those village boys, and, often as opportunity occurs, inquire with deep interest what nook they fill in the great world's theatre. And I now know that two of that group have finished their earthly career, and gone into eternity. The first who died was George. All men spoke well of him, all men prophesied that great and shining must be his career, in the high places of the land.

Whatever proud hopes sometimes awoke in the father's heart, as he looked upon his noble boy, or kindled a brighter light in the sick chamber of his suffering mother, they earnestly desired but *one thing* for their child, they prayed but for one blessing—they asked for George a new heart; they only wished to see him numbered among the people of God. Weeks, and months, and years passed, bringing him to the approach of college days, while life, with its lingering hopes, spread in long perspective before his delighted fancy.

Before he left the paternal roof, their prayers were answered. The earnest and tearful entreaties of his mother, the fervent and believing prayer of the father, were blessed by the God of all grace, and they touched his heart with a deep and awakening power. He

struggled much, but he did not struggle long. The proud and ambitious boy was melted into tears by Jesus' love. George was on his knees, penitent, contrite and prayerful. He found peace in believing, and when he went again among his fellows, he was an humble-hearted serious boy. Often he went with his father to the house of prayer; and his parents wept, and the church rejoiced, when they heard the low, clear tones, in deep supplication before God.

George determined to become a minister of Christ. With grateful hearts, his parents now felt they could safely intrust him to the temptations and vices of college life. How long he there remained, I know not; but report came that George had left college one winter season, to recruit health and strength by ease and society. As the winter had too far advanced for his long homeward journey, he took up his abode with a beloved family, near a distant city. With the spring came George to his native village. His friends ran to meet him, joyfully; but how was their joy turned to sorrow, when the sunken eye, the hectic flush, the hollow cough, the panting breath, spoke to them, too clear, of his rapid journey to the tomb.

None could realize that George was dying. He hoped against hope; but when hope had quite departed, calmly he resigned himself to die. Both his mother and himself were *slowly treading in the same path.* During

the day, he often went to her chamber, to catch her holy calm, to hear her heavenly words. They grew more feeble, and before many weeks the idolized parent and the beloved son parted for a few hours, to be reunited in eternity. They sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and were buried the same day, side by side, the mother and her eldest son. We might weep for the early called, but we could not wish to recall him from the bosom of God.

* * * * *

A beautiful brig of the United States Navy was steadily making her way over the broad Atlantic, on the last of the year (1842). With her white sails all unfurled, she bent proudly to the breeze. Her tall masts, her light spars, her firm rigging, had outrode the storms finely and gaily. She had finished her mission to a distant land, and with fair winds and clear skies, was rapidly nearing her distant port. What of her crew? Did her commander behold with gratification, the prompt execution of his orders? Were the officers respected? Were the sailors ready and obedient? Did the ward-rooms, the decks, the fore-castle witness cheerful alacrity and faithfulness in the discharge of duty? Were all rejoicing to return to parents, to wives, and to little ones? No, within the heart of that noble vessel rebellion was brewing, and dissatisfaction was heard in low mutterings. A plot was formed; sailor after sailor was reduced from his allegiance, and was sealed with a fearful oath to con-

spire against his fellows. In the deep midnight, at a given signal, they were to murder their officers, and cast their dead bodies upon the waters. Masters of the brig, they were to strike the flag of their country, and hoist the black colors of the pirate. Everything was ready; the mutineers were on the eye of executing their daring purpose. God overruled the fearful deed. The ringleaders were secured and put in irons. The safety of the vessel demanded immediate attention and prompt action—they were doomed to die! to die soon—to die quick. "One hour!" besought an unfortunate youth. An hour passed. All hands were called on deck; officers were armed with cutlass and pistol—the watch was prepared—the signal given—the cannon rolled—the bodies of three were hanging on the yard arm! The brig was safe.

The bold leader of that reckless band was one of that group of playful boys. Were not his career and death a terrible fulfilment of his terrible words, "Wrong! I don't care for that!"

H. C.

A WARNING TO YOUTH

SMALL, THE MUTINEER.

In the awful death of Small, one of the mutineers on board the brig Somers, Providence is speaking in a most solemn voice.

and, although any allusion to this sad event may be painful to friends, yet we dare not refrain from echoing that voice, in warning to the young. From the few particulars in his life which we have been able to collect, it will be seen, that he early formed *habits* which very often and *naturally* lead to an ignominious end.

Elisha H. Small was a native of Boston. His early training was very unfavorable to the formation of a virtuous, moral character. Lessons of piety, either from the lips or the example of parents, probably never fell upon his ear, unless he may have heard them within the past three years, since all his habits had attained the vigor of maturity. During that period, his now almost broken-hearted mother has been a consistent member of the Mariners' Church in this city, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Lord. While quite a lad, Small became a member of one of our local Sabbath schools. All we can learn of him, while connected with the school, is this single fact, which, however, is sufficient to exhibit his depravity, even at that early age. His teacher was called away by death; and while the announcement of this event by the superintendent, spread a deep solemnity over the school, and clothed every countenance with sorrow, young Small said, "I am glad of it."

For many years he was a member of the Mariners' Church Sabbath School. Here he showed himself to be a very bad youth, and

gave his teacher much trouble. At meeting too, he was inattentive and noisy, and often requiring the presence of the sexton; and, on one occasion, he had to be removed from the sanctuary. After this he was also, for several years, connected with the Unitarian Sabbath school in Pitts street. But his history shows that he could never have become much interested in either of these schools.

While very young, he formed the habit of *taking the name of God in vain*, and his profaneness was often heard about the streets. This wicked practice grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and he carried it with him through life: even but a moment before his awful death—when asked by one of his associates in crime to forgive him, he refused, with a dreadful OATH! He also early became intemperate, and a Sabbath-breaker. Within the past two years, on one occasion, when at home from sea, he took lodgings at the Sailor's Home. And one Sabbath, just before the commencement of public worship, he sought to entice some of the sailors to take a ride with him; and when they all refused to engage in such a desecration of that holy day, he became so angry and quarrelsome, that the superintendent was obliged to remove him from the house. As he performed this unpleasant duty, he gave him a most faithful and serious admonition, *warning him of the end to which such conduct would lead*, and beseeching him to reform.

All this the profane, intemperate, "hardened Sabbath-breaker treated with the utmost contempt and derision.

The last time our informant saw him, was on Sabbath afternoon, riding furiously through the streets, with a horse apparently almost exhausted. The horse, it is said, was ruined, and the carriage broken. Soon after, and perhaps to save the expense of repairing damages, he enlisted in the United States Navy, and eventually came on board the Somers, where he suffered death at the age of twenty-three.

We will mention but one other trait of character in this unhappy young man. We have seen it stated that "he was very much attached to his mother." But when under the influence of intoxicating drinks—which usually converts man into a fiend—he was certainly very undutiful to her. He has been heard at such times to address her in the most disrespectful and abusive language.

Youthful readers! let the life and the melancholy death of this wretched young man be a warning to you. Beware how you *trifle* with the instructions of those who seek to do you good, lest you wrong your own souls. The Sabbath school, in order to be a safeguard against vice and crime, as it usually is, must be *loved*, not *trifled* with. In the language of Commander Mackenzie's exhortation to the youthful sailors, after execution, "*Cherish your Bibles with a more entire love than*

Small did." Beware of taking the first step in profaning the awful *name*, and the holy *Sabbath* of the Lord, for he is a jealous God, and will not hold you guiltless. Avoid, as you would the gate of death, and the very pit of perdition, all those places, however beautiful and fascinating in their outward appearances, where is mingled the intoxicating cup. "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not." And beware of dishonoring your father and your mother, lest you be out down ere you have lived out half your days. If you indulge in either of those sins, in all of which this unhappy young man indulged from his early youth, you enter upon a course that naturally and very often leads on to almost every other wickedness, to a ruined character, a death of infamy, and an eternity of remorse and despair!

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.

Everybody knows how a drunken man used to be treated by the boys in the street. He was mocked at, spit upon, and pelted with stones. The boys never thought of pitying him, but regarded him as the mark for merry-making. He went rolling through the streets, or perhaps made his bed in the gutter.

A few days since, I passed through a part of the town where such spectacles had been *not uncommon*. A sailor, partly intoxicated,

was striving to steady himself against a post. A group of boys were around him. Some, with their hands in their pockets, and their caps thrown back, were eagerly talking; one was brushing the dirt from the inebriate's jacket; another was wiping the blood away from a slight scratch which he had received on the cheek.

"Now you must—*won't* you?" cried one little fellow, looking up in his face.

"Oh yes, indeed, I know he will, drinking is so wicked. It is sad to see him," said another. "Come, if you will; I will lead you home, and father will help you."

"I know he will!" exclaimed a third. "There comes Edward."

I looked at the direction of the boy's eyes, and saw a little fellow running with all his might toward them, bearing in his hand a roll of paper.

"Here it is—here's *the pledge!*—'tis the boy's pledge. Now you must sign it, and never drink again."

"Yes," cried another, "and it's the very one that belongs to *our* Temperance Society, and we have all signed it," said the first boy, coaxingly.

The sailor looked around bewildered. "What is it?" he hiccoughed out.

"Why, it's the pledge. We want you to sign it, and be a temperate man. We are sorry you drink, and we want you to leave off," said the boy, in an earnest, decided manner.

"Who be ye, who think of me, and care for me?" cried the sailor, beginning to comprehend the nature of the case. The tears rose to his eyes, and rolled down his weather-beaten face.

"Yes, he will sign it—he will. I know he will," shouted the children, exultingly.

"Yes, I will," said the sailor, "but take care of me till I get sober—keep me from the land-sharks. God bless ye—bless ye."

"Come, go with me!" cried one.

"No, I'll take him with me," said a second.

He was led away by the little boy with the pledge, the rest of the children following, as happy as could be in the prospect of redeeming the poor man from the misery of intemperate habits.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

Young George was about to go to sea as a midshipman. Everything was arranged: the vessel lay out opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been taken down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and he saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he *went*, and perhaps never be happy again. He *just turned round* to the servant, and said

"Go, and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Mother's prayer! How subduing the influence! How solemnly her low and plaintive voice falls upon the ear of a child, when passing the secret place where the mother holds communion with heaven! This is illustrated by the following brief narrative from a daughter:

"My mother," said she, "was scrupulously regular in teaching her children the Lord's prayer, the commandments, and the catechism; though, in my early childhood, she was not pious. When I was about seven or eight years of age, she was awakened to the concerns of her soul. She continued to perform her round of daily duties, but with an anxious heart and saddened countenance. This, for a long time, I saw, and it made me, though I know not why, sad also. At length I noticed that she was accustomed, at just such a time, to retire alone; and I soon found that the object of her retirement was PRAYER. I could hear her in solitude pleading with God; and her voice sounded so solemn, that it always

made me hasten away to some place alone; where I could sit down and weep. When engaged with the other children in play, if I saw my mother going away alone, or if I chanced to hear her voice in prayer, sadness would instantly come over my mind, and I would steal away from my young associates, and sit on the door-sill, and weep and sob with grief. However urgent the children might be in their efforts to prevent me from leaving them, I would always contrive to get away; but I was ashamed to let them know the reason:

"After my mother found joy and peace in believing, she was accustomed frequently to converse with her children on the subject of religion; but she could never summon confidence enough to pray with them. I well remember how her conversations on the *judgment* used to make me tremble, and fill my heart with sadness and fear.

"Years passed away. These solemn conversations were never forgotten, and that plaintive sound of my mother's prayer never ceased to be heard. Their influence became more and more deeply impressed upon my mind, till, by the Spirit of God, it was made the means of leading me to seek an interest in that mother's God and Saviour.

"Ye mothers! cease not to pray for and *with* your children, and be not afraid to let them see that there are stated seasons when *you meet* God in secret prayer. Long after *you have gone* to the silent grave, the remem

brance of those seasons may restrain your children from sin, and instrumentally lead them to the Lamb of God."

THE YOUNG STUDENT.

The following little story of a gentleman who was then well known, and held some office in N—, under government, was told by a friend of his:

"In the early life of P—, while he was studying at R—, it happened that, owing to the disturbances of the country, his parents, who lived at a distance, fell, at one time, into such painful difficulties, that they were not able to send their son his usual means of support; and at the same time death deprived him of his chief friend, in the place where he was. He was now without money, or the means of obtaining any. He did not know how to provide himself with the greatest necessities. One day, early in the morning, with a very sad heart, he was passing a church in the town, which stood always open. He found it empty; and throwing himself on his knees, he prayed that God would show him some way out of his distress, so that his pressing need might be supplied.

"As he rose and went towards the door which led into the principal street, a poor old infirm woman, leaning on crutches, came into the church, and asked him for alms. P. had

only one shilling left, with which he had thought to provide himself with food for that day; but he gave it to the poor woman, with these silent words: 'O Lord, I have besought Thee for help, and Thou causest even the last shilling I have to be asked of me; yet *Thou* knowest a way to help—I know not any.' With tearful eyes he passed on; and just as he went out from the church door, a noble looking man rode by, who at the same moment dropped his glove. P—— took it up, and modestly gave it to the owner. The gentleman, surprised at this attention from a school-boy, asked his name. He told it, and the stranger inquired if he was a son or a relation of a famous surgeon of that name. He answered that he was his son; and the gentleman immediately asked him to dine at his lodgings, saying, 'Your father safely performed a dangerous operation for me, and, next to God, I owe my life to him.'

"My friend bowed, and the stranger rode on. At the appointed time he went as he had been invited to do, and was most kindly and hospitably received. When he took leave, the stranger took his hand, and put into it six pieces of gold, saying, 'Students often have little expenses, for which they do not like to apply to their kind parents. Take this trifle from me, as a token of gratitude towards your father.'

"Surely, in his after life, P—— would never forget his early walk that morning, and

his prayer in the church ; nor would ever think of it without thankfully rejoicing that when the poor woman asked for his last shilling, he had believed that it was God who required it of him ; and had trusted that God was able to help him, though he himself could see no way out of his distress."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LITTLE BOYS.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

"I went once with Mr. Sappington," said Mr. W——, "to lodge at Gov. Turnbull's, in Ohio, after he had addressed a temperance meeting." Mr. Sappington, if you recollect, was the person who came into an eating-house, in Cincinnati, all shivering and cold, and asked a little boy for something to drink. "No," said the lad, "I'll give you some hot coffee, and something to eat, but I won't give you any liquor ; but you must promise to go to the Washington Temperance Society to-night, and sign the pledge." He said he did not know where it was. The youth promised to go with him, and in the evening he was seen leading this poor, wretched, and then miserable looking object up to the stand. He signed the pledge, and was abundantly instrumental in rescuing many from the like degradation, from which he himself had been rescued, through the instrumentality of this youth ;

and there are now hundreds in Cincinnati, and in the country round about, that will have cause through eternity to thank God for the labors of Mr. Sappington. But to return to the incident to which I call the reader's attention, and who, I am sure, will pardon this digression. "We had been," said Mr. W——, "to a temperance meeting, and were put to lodge in the same room. Our entertainment was all that hospitality and kindness could render it. I shall never forget," said he, "when Sappington stepped to the bed, and lifted up the weight of covering in his hands, and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'My God! who could ever have thought that I should ever again have slept in such a room, under such a cover, and in such a comfortable bed? Many and many the time that I have laid out such a night as this.' The wind was then whistling through the crevices of the windows, and it was piercing cold without, while the fire blazed cheerfully within. 'Yes, many such a night, cringing and shrinking from the cold, and almost perished, have I lodged under a cellar door, or in the shaving heap, in some friendly lumber-yard. And now that I should be again thus blest!' With tears streaming from his eyes, he fell down on his knees, in the corner of the room, and poured out his soul in such a fervent prayer to God, as I never before heard." You have here, reader, a fair illustration of what suffering intemperance will inflict upon a man, and

the relief, comfort, and joy of soul to which Temperance and Religion combined will restore a man.

REFLECTION.

The past—where is it ! It has fled.
The future ! It may never come.
Our friends departed ! With the dead.
Ourselves ! Fast hastening to the tomb.
What are earth's joys ! The dews of morn.
Its honors ! Ocean's wreathing foam.
Where's peace ! In trials meekly borne.
And joy ! In heaven, the Christian's home.

UNKINDNESS.

Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please,
O let th' ungrateful spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.

BAD BOOKS.

Books are company ; and the company of bad books is as dangerous as the company of bad boys and men. Goldsmith, who was a novel writer of some note, writing to his brother about the education of a nephew, says : "*Above all things, never let your nephew touch a novel or a romance.*" An opinion given in such a manner must have been an honest opinion. And as he knew the character of novels, and the influence they would exert on the young, his opinion ought to have weight.

GOOD BOOKS.

The value of a good book is not often appreciated. Saints are built up in their faith by good reading, and an impenitent person is never more disposed to read than when he begins to take an interest in the salvation of his soul. It is important, therefore, for every family to keep on hand a supply of useful religious books. Religious books have a great deal to do with the destiny of individuals, families, and communities.

A GOOD EXCHANGE.

"I shall never forget," says the Bishop of Norwich, "visiting the cottage of a man who had been all his life a drunkard, and which was an abode of misery and wretchedness. He became a teetotaler, and in six months afterwards I found his abode the scene of comfort and domestic happiness. This man with tears in his eyes, placing his hand on a quarto Bible, said, 'This is the first thing that I purchased with the money saved by giving up drunkenness; it was an alien to my house before, but it has been my daily companion ever since.'

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS, FERVENT IN SPIRIT.

I resolve to neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been cerd

fied that I should die within the day ; nor to mind any thing which my secular duties demand of me, less than if I had been insured I should live fifty years more.—*Mc Cheyne.*

LEISURE HOURS.

It was a beautiful observation of the late William Hazlit, that "that there is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science in it. If we pass 'no day without a line'—visit no place without the company of a book—we may with ease fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. The more we do; the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

HABITS.

There are habits, not only of drinking, swearing, and lying, and of some other things which are commonly acknowledged to be habits, but of every modification of action, speech and thought. Man is a bundle of habits. There are habits of industry, attention, vigilance, advertency; of a prompt obedience to the judgment, or of yielding to the first impulse of passion; of extending our views to the future, or of resting upon the present; of apprehending, methodizing, reasoning; of vanity, self-conceit, melancholy, partiality; of fret-

fulness, suspicion, captiousness, censoriousness; of pride, ambition, covetousness; of overreaching, intriguing, projecting: in a word, there is not a quality or a function, either of body or of mind, which does not feel the influence of this great law of animated nature.—*Paley*.

TRUE WISDOM.

True wisdom looks upward, and places her treasure
Where the withering light of decay is ne'er known;
Then finds it at last by the river of pleasure,
That ceaselessly flows from Immanuel's throne.

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE

In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose, as though you were determined to succeed. A vacillating mind never accomplished any thing worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim; it dignifies your nature and insures your success. Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest honours? Who have raised themselves from poverty to riches? Those who were steady to their purpose. The man who is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell this week, while it drives him next—is always in trouble, and does just nothing from one year's end to another. Look, and admire the *man of steady purpose*. He moves noiseless.

ly along, and yet, what wonders he accomplishes. He rises, gradually, we grant, but surely. The heavens are not too high for him, neither are the stars beyond his reach. How worthy of imitation !

“THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.”

The sum and substance of the preparation needed for a coming eternity is, that you believe what the Bible tells you, and do what the Bible bids you.—*Chalmers' on ROMANS.*

THE TWO SCHOOL MATES.

John and George were school fellows in the little village of B——. They had each a fondness for the water and were always foremost by the river's brink, sailing their little boats, bathing, scaling flat bits of stone on the surface of the stream, and fishing. Many a time were the neighbors alarmed by the report that one or the other of the boys had fallen into the river and as often did their parents look out at night with fearful anxiety for their return home.

They grew up and went to sea, not together, though at the same time, and from the same port. They met on a distant shore. Many were their talks about home. The names of *their school mates* were mentioned over and

over again, especially those of Mary and Sophia, the young belles of their rustic community, to whom they were attached by the earliest and tenderest ties.

These voyages were prosperous and the two young men soon returned. In the course of the year they were both promoted. By their temperate and orderly conduct they commended themselves to their employers and their superior officers. At length each was entrusted with the command of a large ship sailing from New Orleans for Liverpool. They married the objects of their early love, and were as happy as worldly good could render them: soon, however, there was to be a change. They left New Orleans for Liverpool: one had a more rapid passage than the other, so that his ship, the *M*—, was discharged and put to sea from Liverpool before the *P*—arrived. Two days passed, and the third night hung over the waters, when the *M*—, driven by a fresh breeze, danced onward through the white waves, leaving the sea boiling and foaming behind her. A lantern hung on the foremast, but it gave light scarcely sufficient to show any object twenty yards ahead. The mate, however, whose eye was quick and keen, saw something like a shadow or a cloud rising and falling a few yards before the bows. "A ship," was the cry, "*helm a lee*"—the quick command "*hard up*" repeated. But in a moment *the M*— struck the dimly-seen and deeply-

laden vessel, which went down, cargo and passengers! Not a groan was heard, not a floating object seen; not a token of the little world known. She was the P——, George was the captain. When the M—— returned to New Orleans, John heard with amazement that the P—— had not reached Liverpool although she was reported about two hundred miles from the English coast. "Ah!" said John, "it is too evident George was lost on that fatal night. Can it be that my friend went down beneath my gallant ship! Would we had never known each other; or that we had sailed to different ports. Nay, that I had never stood on a deck, or listened to the voice of old ocean."

The widow and children of George were soon sought by the sympathizing and heart-broken John. He was their friend and patron even to their utmost need. That night is a gloom in the memory of John. He never speaks of it but with tears. Little did these friends think, when, like some who will read this account, they trod the lawn together and played by the river's brink, that in after years, so far from their homes, and in such circumstances, the one would go out of the world, and the other be left to mourn. How little do we know what is before us. How kind should little children be to one another in their school days, that they may not have occasion for remorse when one or the other shall be no more on the earth. And how earnest should

they be to prepare for everything that should take place by giving their hearts to the Lord.

E. E. A.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3d, 1846.

THE HONEST BOY, OR THE SHILLING AND GUINEA.

Some time ago the Duke of Buccleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and left orders to send it to his palace the following morning; according to agreement the cow was sent, and the Duke happened to be in dishabille, and, walking in the avenue, espied a little fellow ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him—

“Hi mun! come here an’ gie’s a hand wi’ this beast.”

The duke saw the mistake, and determined on having a joke with the little fellow. Pretending, therefore, not to understand him, the duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance; at last he cries, in a tone of apparent distress, “come here, mun, an’ help us, an’ as sure as anything I’ll give you half I get!”

This last solicitation had the desired effect. The Duke went and lent a helping hand.

“And now,” said the Duke, as they trudged along, “how much do you think ye’ll get *this job?*”

"Oh, I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up by at the house are good to a' bodies."

As they approached the house, the Duke darted from the boy, and entered by a different way. He called a servant, and put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy that has brought the cow." The Duke returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's the half o' it t' ye."

"But you surely got more than a shilling," said the Duke.

"No," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness, "as sure's death that's a' I got; an' d' ye not think it's a plenty?"

"I do not," said the Duke; "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return, I think I'll get you more."

The boy consented—back they went—the Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the Duke, to the boy, "point me out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there, with the apron," pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the Duke interrupted him, indignantly ordered him to

give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service instantly.

"You have lost," said the Duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness; learn, henceforth, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the Duke, and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, and kept there, and provided for at his own expense.

ONLY ONE STEP AT A TIME.

The following excellent advice and encouragement is from the "Well-Spring." After reading it, we hope no one will suffer themselves to become discouraged at what they find to do.

"Horace is a round-faced, white-headed little boy, three years of age. One morning, as we came from our chamber, we overheard his mother say, 'Here, Horace, my dear, carry this book into your father's study, and lay it on the table.'

"The little fellow took the book, went to the foot of the stairs, and there he stopped. We wish our little readers could have seen him, as he stood gazing up that long flight, from the bottom to the top. Such a look of *discouragement* surely never before came over

the countenance of the little boy. He seemed to say, by his appearance, 'How can I go up these long steps.'

"The watchful eye of his mother immediately saw his trouble, and with a sweet, encouraging voice, she said, 'Oh, my son, it is *only one step at a time.*'

"And so the little boy found it. When he looked at the long, steep journey, and thought of it *all together*, it seemed a task too great for his tiny feet; but when he thought of it, 'only one step at a time,' it seemed an easy matter.

"And how many a 'hill of difficulty' would disappear, if we would think of it as 'only one step at a time.' The long lesson, the hard sum in arithmetic, the errand a mile off, the big pile of wood to be carried into the house, the bed of strawberries to be weeded, all appear *easy* to accomplish, when we remember it is only one word, one figure, one step, one stick, one weed at a time.

"Whenever, then, little reader, you feel discouraged at some task your mother has assigned you, think of this mother's remark to her boy: '*only one step at a time.*' You must surely be a faint-hearted little fellow, if *one step* frightens and discourages you. Well, if you can take *one step*, you can take the next, for that is only *one step*, and then another, and so on, to the top. Try it, and don't be chicken-hearted."

THE ART OF LEARNING.

"The chief art of learning," says Locke, "is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulations of single propositions."

ROBERT LEE;

OR, THE YOUNG TRANSGRESSOR AND THE OLD FELON.

One sinner destroyeth much good.

Ben Smith lived near Mr. Lee, and the boys met every day. He was older than Robert, and being a little youth, he could make himself very pleasant. In this way he had a strong influence over Robert; for he never told him his faults, as George did, but flattered and caressed him.

But Ben was a dangerous companion: he had not been instructed in the Bible, nor made to obey his parents; and, though young in years, he was old in wickedness.

He did not like to have Robert avoid him; for, as he always had spending money, it was convenient for Ben to have his friendship. When he found that he could not get him away from Sabbath-school, he persuaded him to go with him, after school hours, while

George was studying at home. Thus Robert became intimate with some other boys, no better than Ben; and by degrees he was led on to join in their idle and foolish ways.

About a year after the fishing party, as the boys were sitting together, George said to Robert, "What are you going to do with those segars in your hat?"

"Give some to Smith, and smoke some," was his reply.

"A boy like you smoke!"

"Why not, George? Ben Smith does."

"Yes, and Ben Smith drinks brandy; but that is not to say you should. Father says I must not play with him, for he swears, and breaks the Sabbath; and father is afraid he will turn out a bad man. If your papa knew how he behaves, he would not like you to be with him."

In all large cities there are to be found boys who have either lost their parents, or have broken away from their home, or, what is as bad, who have wicked parents. These keep together, and encourage each other in vice, and tempt others to the same course. They are never seen at Sunday-school, or at church, or at steady work during the week, but lounging about the wharves of the city, around theatres, and the circus. As they grow older, they become gamblers, or pick-pockets, and generally find their way to the prison; while many of them lie down in a drunkard's grave. It was to associates like

these that Robert was introduced by Ben Smith. They were older than he was, and treated him with much attention; for they knew he was the only son of a rich man. Robert thought all their kindness was sincere, and was always greatly pleased with his new friends. All the time he could spare from school and study, he passed with them; but he took care that George should not know where he went.

When Robert Lee was twelve years old, he was the brightest, happiest-looking boy among his playmates. At the annual examination of the scholars, he divided the honors of the class with George Wright; and, on his birthday, his parents invited all the school to a dinner, given in honor of their only son.

In the drawing-room, suspended above the sofa, hung a full-length portrait of Robert, which had been taken by a distinguished painter. It was a very good likeness, and made a beautiful picture.

When the boys had admired it, and enjoyed the good things, which were provided in abundance, they amused themselves with different sports in the large garden which surrounded Mr. Lee's dwelling.

"How happy!" thought some of them; "how happy Robert must be!" So he would have been, if he had listened to the voice which speaks from heaven to every child: "*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*" But

"Many voices seem to say,
Hither; children, here's the way;
Haste along, and nothing fear,
Every pleasant thing is here."

To the voices of these gay but false friends, Robert was inclined to listen. The consequences were seen in years following, when this same Robert Lee, following the bad example which he ought to have avoided, became a drunkard and a criminal, and was shut up in prison for his offences.

THE POOR BOY IN LONDON.

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools in the metropolis, I became much interested in a lad ten or eleven years of age, with a frank, open countenance, though somewhat dirty, and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally, and ask such serious questions of his teacher, that I could not but smile. His "practical observations" on certain points of scripture, if clothed in elegant language, would do honor to men of education. There was a free-heartedness in him, that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down by him, to ask questions.

"Where do you live?" I asked, "and how?"

"I live anywhere I can," he replied, "and almost how I can!"

"But," said I, "what is your trade, or business? What do you generally do for a living?"

"I am a water-cress boy," he replied, "and get up every morning at two o'clock, and go on foot three or four miles, and sometimes six or eight, into the edge of the city, to buy the water-cresses. I get a basket of them there for a shilling, and by crying them the whole day, generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging."

"But can you live upon a shilling a day?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well; but many times I don't make a shilling, and then I buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under one of the arches of London Bridge, or in some cart or box, down on the wharves." Just then the superintendent came along, and as I took his arm, he said:

"This lad you have been talking with comes here every night, to learn to read; and although he cannot get to sleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up by two in the morning, yet he is always punctual. Not long since, his mother was imprisoned for arrearages in her rent. The sum needed to release her was ten shillings. Well, this boy almost starved himself, and slept out of doors, to save the money out of his scanty earnings to release her from prison."

I went back again, and talked with the *boy*; and in my eyes he was a truer hero than *Wellington* or *Napoleon*!—N. W. Bartlett.

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

You must believe on Christ, as the only and all-sufficient Saviour. Do you ask what it is to believe on him? It is to have such confidence in him as to *receive* all that he has said as true, and to treat it as true—to act upon it as true. In other words, you must seek salvation as the gospel directs, by repenting, by believing, by obeying. By *repenting*—by breaking off, at once, from all sin, whether outward or secret, in the heart or in the life, because it is offensive to God, and ruinous to yourself; for this is repentance. By *believing*—by giving yourself and all that you have to Christ, trusting to him, and to him only, for all that you need for time and eternity; for this is faith. By *obeying*—by engaging sincerely, and uniformly, in whatever you know to be duty, for the sake of glorifying God, and doing good; for this is obedience. This you must be *willing* to do—this you must begin *at once*—this you must *continue forever*, taking God's word as your rule of action, in dependence on God's Spirit for strength, and in reliance on God's grace for acceptance and final salvation. Do this, and though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Come thus unto Christ, and he will in no wise cast you out.

Guilty and polluted though you may be, his blood shall cleanse you from all sin.

*"Repentance is to leave
The sin I did before,
And show that I do truly grieve,
By doing so no more.*

*"Faith is to trust in Christ,
Relying on his grace ;
Resting on him as all our hope,
Our strength and righteousness.*

DR. CHALMERS TO THE IMPENITENT.

You may delay the work of repentance, and think the future far off—but *it will come* ; your last call from heaven far off—your last unavailing effort to repent far off—but *it will come* ; the death struggle, the shroud, the funeral far off—but *it will come* : the day of judgment, the day of reckoning far off—but *it will come* ; the sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire !" far off—but *it will come* ; eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth far off—but *it will come*.

WHAT IS IT TO BELIEVE ON CHRIST.

It is to believe that he is the only Saviour ; that "there is no salvation in any other ; no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."

It is, to *feel your need of him*; that you are guilty, and need forgiveness; sinful, and need to be made holy; under condemnation, and need to be pardoned; lost, and need to be saved.

It is to believe that he is *able and willing to save you, and save you now*. He is *able*; "Almighty"—"able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him," Heb. 7: 25; *willing*; "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," 2 Peter, 3: 9; ready to save you *now*; "for *now* is the accepted time, and *now* the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6: 2.

It is, to cast yourself at once, and without reserve, *on his mercy, trusting in him alone for salvation*, renouncing self-righteousness and self-dependence, all idea of meriting salvation by anything you can do, and relying on what Christ has done; to give yourself up to him, just as you are, to be accepted, forgiven, purified, directed, and saved; to take him for your prophet to teach, your priest to atone, your king to rule over you and in you, and your example, to be imitated in all your feelings, purposes, and conduct. Do this, and you will be a believer in Christ, and he shall be your refuge, your portion, your "Saviour," all your salvation, and all your desire.

Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try ;
 For if I stay away I know
 I must forever die.

"HOW DID YOU GET YOUR WEALTH?"

A number of years ago, several young Scotchmen came in company to the United States, and landed at New York. On the following day, which was the Sabbath, it was proposed to go out and see the city and its environs. All assented except one. He had been charged by his father, on leaving home, not to break the Sabbath. He would not disobey him. In a few years, he was possessor of a large estate, and his companions were in the drunkard's grave. He was visited by Mr. C——, who asked him, "How did you accumulate your wealth?" He answered, "*By strictly observing the Sabbath, sir.*"

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away ;
 Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray ;
 Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;
 Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er ;
 Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone ;
 Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall ;
 Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall ;
 Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen ;
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have ye been ;

Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray ;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay.

Days of my age, ye shall shortly be past ;
Hairs of my age, yet awhile can you last ;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight ;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light ;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

THE EXCEPTION.

A gentleman boasted that he drank two, three or four bottles of wine every day for fifty years, and that he was as hale and hearty as ever. "Pray," remarked a bystander, "where are your boon companions." "Ah," he quickly replied, "that's another affair. If the truth may be told, I have buried three generations of them !"

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

In the midst of life we are in death, is the declaration of the word of God, and its truth is fully confirmed by the events which daily occur around us. Yet this truth (though confessed by all) is but little felt, and exerts but little influence upon the hearts and conduct of most men. They live unmindful of their latter end, and act as if this world were their eternal home. Still affecting circumstances do sometimes transpire which are calculated

to impress this solemn truth upon the hearts of those who hear them. Such an event has lately taken place among us, and it may be useful to notice it.

On the morning of Thursday, the 28th of January, two boatmen went off to a ship with passengers, and were returning to the shore when a sudden and violent gust of wind overtook and upset the boat in which they were, and in a moment both were struggling in the waves. The younger, who could not swim, soon found a watery grave; and the other was picked up by a boat just as his strength failed and death appeared inevitable. Thus was one taken and the other left.

Fellow sailors and boatmen! There is a voice in this event which calls loudly, and solemnly, and emphatically to you, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." You are too apt to say when such circumstances occur, alas! poor fellow he is gone! Yes, he is gone! but do you consider where? He is gone down to the hidden caverns of the deep. The clay carcass in which he dwelt is there. But He, his soul, has entered an eternal world, into which you and I must soon be introduced. But do you ask what is his state there? You are too ready to suppose that he has gone aloft, that he is now happy; and if asked the reason for this supposition, you would perhaps reply because he *was* no worse than yourselves. But all who

die are not happy. Heaven is not the only place to which departed spirits go. There is another place—that is *hell*.

He who holds your lives in his hand has declared, "if you die in your sins, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." He also assures us, that "he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." These passages from the Word of God call for your most serious consideration. You are exposed to peculiar dangers, and you are frequently warned by the death of your companions, that you yourselves must die. Oh! be not hardened; treat not with indifference or lightness the warnings which are sent in mercy by God. Another of your number has been suddenly taken away. Who will be called next? Perhaps you, who are now reading this, are the person; but are you ready? The young man who has been taken away had felt some serious impressions, and desired to serve God; but the fear of being ridiculed by others prevented him from becoming decided; and it pleased the Almighty suddenly to call him to his account. In what light do you suppose the ridicule of his fellow-creatures (if he had time to think on these subjects) appeared to him in his dying moments? How must he have despised the fear of this ridicule! How trifling must the opinions of his fellow-creatures then have appeared to him! How foolish, how *sinful* his own conduct, in having

been deterred, by the fear of this ridicule, from boldly serving his Maker? How important, then, is it to be decided at once for God, when no one knows how soon he may be called to give his account.

But, while God has been pleased to take away one of your number, you have reason to thank Him for having spared the life of his companion, who was saved when his eyes were almost closed in death, and who is now again among you, a monument of God's mercy. Whenever you see him, remember this solemn event; and it is earnestly hoped that he whose life has thus been preserved, will be decided for the cause of God, and will take every opportunity of impressing upon the hearts of his fellow-boatmen the necessity of being prepared for death.

CAPE TOWN, SAILORS' HOME, December, 1839.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF REV. J. DIEHL, SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN AT HONOLULU, WHO WAS BURIED IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, LATITUDE 40 DEGREES SOUTH, JAN. 20, 1841.

His grave is in the mighty deep ·
A lovely corpse is he;
Ten thousand sailors with him sleep,
Beneath the dark blue sea.

He loved the sailor's precious soul;
And oft on heathen shore,
With holy zeal, on darkened minds
Did heavenly wisdom pour.

A sailor's heart is brave and free ;
They saw and loved their guide,
Who bade them flee deceitful snares,
And safe in Jesus hide.

Weep, sailors, weep ! he goes before,
His barque by tempests driven ;
Rejoice ! his perils now are o'er—
He's safely moored in heaven.

Ye sailors, as ye speed your way
From rolling wave to wave,
Will you not drop a willing tear
Upon his watery grave !

Where shall we raise his tablet-stone ?
His grave is in the sea.
Upon our hearts, the sailors say,
His epitaph shall be.

N.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

Grace exemplified in the conversion of Edward Beechhill, the only son of a farmer, who lived in the neighborhood of Dunse, and who was esteemed by those who knew him, as a person of strong sense and sound principle, and as being possessed of a warm heart, and an open hand. From his cradle, young Beechhill was a wayward boy. There was no day that marked the bent of his mind more than the Sabbath. To young Beechhill it was a season of restless uneasiness ; for, from early morn till night, he was obliged to be engaged in exercises in which his heart had no share.

When young Beechhill was about fourteen

years of age, he meditated an escape from his father's house ; but he kept the secret to himself, till, having accompanied his mother to Leith, for sea-bathing, he one morning disappeared, leaving the following note on the parlor-table :

MY DEAR MOTHER,—When you receive this I shall be at sea. I have long had a desire to visit strange places, and to become acquainted with new things ; and I thought if I proposed going abroad, my father would not consent to my wishes. Do not put yourself about on my account. Though I begin my voyage as a common sailor, I am led to expect promotion very soon. At all events, I have taken the step, and it cannot now be retraced.

Your affectionate son, E. B.

It were useless to attempt to describe the feelings of the mother on this trying occasion. She was absolutely stupefied with grief, the excess of which threw her into a lingering disorder, which terminated her existence. As for the bereaved and disconsolate father, his sorrow, which was at first violent, sunk down at length into a settled melancholy, which ate out the soul of life's best enjoyments, and rendered duty, and even life itself, burdensome.

Farmer Beechhill, having at length learned the name of the vessel in which his son sailed, wrote to Edward, but received no answer.

In the meantime, years rolled on, but brought no tidings of the runaway, till one evening, in the depth of winter, as the icicles hung from the windows, and the drift fell so thick that one could scarcely see a yard before him, a loud knocking came to the door. Not one of the servants heard it; for though the storm raged without, they felt not its fury; and so all were as busy as the bee, and cheerful as the lark. The knocking continued, and at length reached the ear of farmer Beechhill, who sat alone in his little parlor, with his Bible open before him, and his dog reposing at his feet. "This is not a night for a human creature to be exposed," muttered the farmer, as he hastily snatched up the candle, and directed his steps towards the door. It proved to be a shipwrecked sailor, hungry and half naked, and shivering with cold. He told his tale in an artless and touching manner, and begged a morsel of food and lodging for the night. "Have the poor fellow in," said the farmer to some of the servants now in attendance, "and take him to the fire, and let him be warmed and fed. Perhaps," he added; and the tears fell as he spake, "he too has a father."

As Jack sat and smoked his pipe by the blazing fire, round which the servants were ranged, each engaged with some piece of employment, he soon forgot both his past sufferings and his present weariness, and joined the loudest in the song, and the merriest in the laugh. He recounted to his wondering audi-

once the perils he had undergone, the feats he had achieved, and the losses he had sustained. He talked, too, of the different countries he had visited, the various customs he had seen, and the jolly tars with whom he had met and parted. "But among them all," he added, "none of them ever left such a blank in the heart of Jack Trivers, at parting, as Ned Beechhill did. Poor Ned! he was as brave a heart as ever set foot on a ship's deck, or whistled on the top of a mast to the howl of the tempest. But he's moored, now. Peace be with his shattered hulk!" "Ned Beechhill, did you say, young man?" asked a silver-haired domestic, in the form of an old shepherd, who till this moment had listened with deep interest to the stories of the sailor, without seeming to enjoy either the merriment or the music. "Had you a comrade of the name of Beechhill?" "That I had," replied Jack. "He was a native of Scotland, like myself; and out of pure love for our country, we soon became cronies. He died on a reef of rocks, on which our gallant vessel foundered, and on which those of our ship's company were cast who escaped the fury of the waves. I have in my possession papers of his, which, with his dying breath, he charged me to deliver to his father; though, poor soul, in the hurry and distress of the moment, he forgot to say, and I to ask, whereabouts his father lived." "You will not refuse to show the papers to the master?" asked old Robin, his breast heav-

ing with conflicting emotions. "Perhaps he may be able to direct you to the lad's father. At least, I guess as much." The sailor made no objections, and rose to accompany Robin. "But wait a little," added the old man. "I must break the matter to the old gentleman. Hear ye, sir! the lad ye speak of is his own, his only child, or I am sorely mistaken. He has long mourned over his lost Edward, and I doubt not that the certainty of his death will kill him outright." So saying, he threw aside his employment, and entering the parlor, told his tale in as delicate a way as possible, and then waited in the doorway for an answer. "Eh?" said the farmer, looking up wistfully, "did you speak of Edward? did you say he was dead?" "I know not what Edward it may be," replied old Robin. "I only thought, sir, that as the two names answered, there could be no harm in looking at the papers addressed to his father." "Bring the lad in, Robin; bring him in," repeated the farmer; and, as he spoke, his frame shook convulsively, and a thick film passed before his eyes, which for a moment interrupted his vision.

"For all sakes," cried Robin, "do not be in so much trouble. Perhaps it may not be true. Who knows but the rogue has made the story for the sake of getting charity? At any rate, if you make yourself both blind and stupid, you will neither see to read the papers nor be able to comprehend them." Thus fortified by the Shepherd's sage reasoning, far-

mer Beechhill endeavored to retain both his sight and his understanding; but no sooner did he discover on one of two letters that were handed to him his own penmanship and signature, than both again fled, and he fainted away. It was long before his physician allowed him to peruse the papers of his mourned and now forever lost son. He however was able to give directions about Jack, who was sent away well provided with both clothes and money.

Farmer Beechhill (as I before said) had written to his son, but received no answer. One of the papers handed to him by the sailor was his own letter, and the other Edward's reply, written but a short time before the shipwreck, but which, from various causes, never had been forwarded. It was follows:

"My Dear Father:—I know not in what terms to address myself to you, whom I have so much injured and distressed; but neither my conscience nor my feelings will allow me to remain longer silent. I received your letter, containing the mournful tidings of my dear mother's death. She never, you say, recovered the shock of my disappearance. Ah, what a fool I have been! I have been the murderer of her who bore me, and the destroyer of my own prospects. I have been most unfortunate at sea, have twice suffered shipwreck, and both times been stripped of everything, not excepting my body clothes and

hammock. It was, it is true, not wealth, but liberty that lured me from home; but I have got as little of liberty as of wealth. I have got much hard duty to perform; far at sea, and exposed to every change of weather. But for pride and shame, I would have been with you long ago. These, however, have latterly been made to give way to more powerful feelings; and, while I write this, I am on my way to my father's house.

"No doubt, my dear father, you wish to know what sort of feelings those were which could influence the determined temper of your unhappy son to quit forever a sailor's life, and to endure the scoff of the world in his own neighborhood. You shall be gratified.

"I have spoken of shipwrecks, but these came and went without bringing me to my senses. No sooner was the danger over and a glass of grog in my power, than I was the same unreflecting, mad fool as before. It pleased Almighty God, however, to speak at length to my soul in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too awful to be forgotten. We were making within the warm latitudes, when a mortal sickness broke out in the ship, during which the lifeless body of many a brave fellow was committed to the deep. I was daily called to assist in this mournful office, which at length became so painful to my feelings, and so depressing to my spirits, as nearly to incapacitate me for active duty. *It was at this period that I first began to think*

seriously on the state of my soul. Where were the departed spirits of my comrades? Alas! their lives but too plainly told that they were unfit for the regions of purity, and I had but one other conclusion to make regarding them. The thought was dreadful. I shuddered at an eternity of torment, though, as yet, I felt no inclination to forsake my sins, nor any desire after holiness, without which the Bible says no one can see the Lord.

"I was sitting one day on deck watching the movements of the vessel, and ruminating on the forlorn condition to which I had brought myself, when a young gentleman, a passenger on board, (perceiving, I suppose, my dejected look,) accosted me in a friendly manner, and took a seat by my side. He proved to be a missionary, sent out by a society in Scotland for the propagation of the gospel among the heathens. We got into conversation, which was at first of a general character; but on my using the word 'bad luck,' he looked at me with an air of pity mixed with severity, and said, 'My dear fellow, there is not such a thing in God's universe as bad luck. Everything is conducted under the superintendence of the Almighty, whose care extends to that very surf on the brim of the ocean.' 'The more then,' said I, 'is the wonder that there is so much suffering in the world.' 'That there is so little rather,' he replied. 'Man is a *sinner*, and as such deserves God's wrath and *curse*. Should we, then, wonder that he at

times allows us to feel the power of his anger? Should we not rather wonder that ever he permits us to experience his mercy and favor?' 'God knows, sir,' said I, 'that feeble flesh cannot stand constant suffering.' 'Yes,' answered the missionary firmly, 'God knows it, and blessed be his name! He has provided against it. He has sent his own son to suffer in our stead; and any mental or bodily affliction with which he is pleased to visit us here, is neither to atone for our offences nor to punish our guilt, but to correct our faults and to 'fit us for heaven.' 'I know at least,' said I, 'that my faults have occasioned my troubles; for if I had not foolishly run off from the best home ever a boy had to leave, I might have escaped much fatigue of body and more of pain to my feelings than I can express. And if sincere repentance for the step I have taken be any evidence that my troubles have corrected my faults, I have every reason to hope well of myself; for rather than live another month as I have lived, and do the duty I have done, I shall submit to the meanest employment and the hardest fare on land.' 'It would appear, my dear fellow,' said my companion, 'that your troubles have indeed shown you the evil consequences of sin in this world; but before you can become the object of saving repentance, they must show you more—they must teach you not only that your faults have made your earthly condition bad, but also that they have hazarded the-

happiness of your precious soul for eternity; not only that you have offended and grieved your earthly parent, but also that you have dishonored your Father in heaven, and vexed his spirit. If you feel in this way, the result will be the same with regard to your spiritual state as it is now with your earthly condition. As you have resolved, come what will, to leave off a sailor's life, and to return to your friends; so, in God's strength, you will determine to quit forever your sins, which have separated you from your Maker, and return to your duty and to God.'

"The limits of a letter, my dear father, will not suffer me to tell you more of what passed between us, but I may add, that I became every day more and more attached to my spiritual instructor, though it was some time before I could say that the load was taken from my heart and the vail from my mind. I hope, however, that I have now obtained that peace which passeth understanding, and become in some measure acquainted with the joy of which the world knows nothing, but which constitutes in some measure the felicity of heaven. Such are my present views and feelings, which I pray God to deepen in my mind. Pray for your rebellious son, who would, in deep contrition for the past, subscribe himself,

"His father's in the bonds of the Gospel.

"E. B."

"Let me praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" exclaimed farmer Beechhill, on the first reading of this letter. "Poor Edward!" he added, "he has indeed been on his way to his Father's house, and he has now I trust reached it, for God never leaves his own work imperfect. O Robin, Robin!" he continued, "what a miracle is the salvation of a sinner! and how useless are the best means, till once the spirit of God begins to work in the heart! I think I have erred there, Robin; I have trusted too much to human power and too little to infinite mercy; and I have been shown my error. Certainly the medicine has tasted bitter, but I hope the effect will be good. I shall try to be more humble for the future, more dependent on divine grace, and more afraid of offending Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire to discern the slightest blemish in his creatures."

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flow'ry maze;
Come, while thy restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding
Waken rich feelings in thy careless breast—
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure inestimable rest!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing o'er;

Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray ;
Oh, touch the sceptre ! with a hope in heaven,
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away !

“SO NEAR HOME ONLY TO DIE.”

There is no influence more powerful than home influence. It may be said that the above is a stale truism, so often uttered and written about, that it is not capable of being treated of in any other than a worn-out garb. I admit that the subject is an old one, but I deny that it is driven for its expression to hypocritical cant. It never can be, so long as thousands leave their homes every year to try their fortune at sea ; for the life of each sailor is an instance of the success or the failure of these influences, and the narration of the experience of each sailor would be but a different manner of presenting the same subject. Neither can the subject ever lose its interest, as long as our shores witness each year so many parting scenes, and so long as God hears, as he does even now, the prayer of mothers in behalf of wandering sons.

Among the young at sea, home influences have great power. Home has not with them, as with the old sailors, become a matter of *ancient history*. The recollections of home are still fresh in their minds, and affectionate

words of parting still ring in their ears. Their night watches are spent in thinking and conversing of home, and such thoughts and conversations strengthen them more than anything else, to resist temptation; and not only are they thus negatively beneficial in not allowing them to go astray, but they operate powerfully on the mind, to provoke to good works, and to repentance.

I remember having once seen an instance of the powerful working of these thoughts of home, the results of which warrant any assertion that I have made.

We were on the homeward bound passage from China, after an absense of about sixteen months. We had crossed the line for the last time, and with the wind abeam, we were heading for New York, and walking up the Gulf Stream in fine style. The weather was very pleasant, and all hands were at work painting the ship, and getting her into good port trim. The wind was so fresh that no painting could be done over the side, so all hands were at work on deck, and even they were sometimes annoyed by a slight sea, or rather spray, which would now and then come over the rail. Some were forward painting the windlass, some painting water casks amidships, some touching the fancy work about the cabin doors, some painting the long boat, and some were scraping and varnishing booms and spars. On the top of the long-boat, brush in hand, was stationed a jovial, frolicsome

youngster of 17, known on board by the acquired name of Jack Higgins. He was giving the top of the boat a coat of yellow, but he was more intent on watching the mate, who was on the weather side, mixing some nice paint, and who would now and then get a slight ducking from the spray, than he was about his work. The spray grew more and more troublesome, and Higgins more and more full of fun, till at length, seeing a wave coming a little longer than the rest, and supposing that the mate would now get a real thorough ducking, he stood up to see the sport. I was on the lee side, scraping a spar, and as Jack stood up, he winked at me, and pointing to the mate, was filled with delight, as he anticipated for him the wetting. As he expected, the sea did come over, and the mate got wet, but Jack did not long enjoy the sport. As the sea struck, the ship rolled to leeward, Jack lost his balance, and stepping into the paint, slipped and fell from the top of the boat, striking on his back with such force across the spar which I was scraping, that he swooned at my feet. I picked him up, and carried him aft to the gratings, in front of the cabin doors, where I laid him down, and ran to the scuttle-but for some fresh water. After a short time of painful suspense, he partially revived, and the mate took hold of him with me, to carry him down into the steerage. As we were *bearing* him down, he groaned in great pain *at every step*, and in a voice which told of

anguish of spirit, as well as of body, he murmured, "It's hard to get so near home, and then die—so near home, and not see it. Oh! it is hard." The agony of the thought was too much for him, and he swooned again in our arms. We had laid him in his berth, and by applying the usual means, we again restored him to consciousness.

Day after day he lay in his berth, and suffered pain most excruciating, which was not a little augmented by the motion of the ship. His back was not broken, but it was so severely injured that for some time we hardly dared to hope for his recovery. Day after day, and night after night, did we stand by his side, ready to minister to his wants. Every attention was shown him, and every luxury which the ship afforded was at his call. At length he began slowly to recover, and by the time that we saw land, he was just able to crawl on deck, to behold those shores which at one time he had supposed were forever shut out from him.

During his sickness, his thoughts and conversation were almost wholly about home. His Bible, a present from his mother, which had been opened but once before during the voyage, now became his constant companion; and as he turned over its leaves, and read the passages marked by a mother's hand, his heart was melted, and his soul subdued. His mother's teachings and instructions came back with great power to his mind, and he now alone

and unassisted sought the way of life, towards which his mother had so often beckoned him, and which he was now enabled to find, by the light which long ago she had thrown upon his path. He left home wild, thoughtless, and wayward, but he returned with a penitent and contrite heart, and his parents rejoiced in that their son "was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

G. P. B.

A MOTHER'S BLESSING ON HER SAILOR SON

Son of my love, farewell! farewell!
On the wide, watery plain
I yield thee to a life of toil,
And Him who rules the main.

And by those pure and speechless joys,
When cradled on my breast,
I met thy waking infant smile,
Or lulled thy woes to rest;

By that deep thrill, when first thy lips
Its lisping utterance tried,
Or when the evening prayer it breathed
Thy little head beside;

By that strong hope that never dies
Within a mother's heart,
I bless thee, wanderer of the deep,
While tears of anguish start.

What though no gems, or hoarded gold,
To swell the stores I bring,
A parent's blessing maketh strong,
Like guardian angel's wing.

Yes, thou shalt feel when o'er the wave
Thy bark by storms is driven,

A parent's blessing maketh glad,
Next to the hope of Heaven.

Seek thou that hope, to gird thy soul
Amid the tossing brine ;
Thy mother's prayer shall meet thee there,
And intercede with thine.

Oh ! seek a Saviour's pardoning grace,
That so, on land or sea,
In weal or woe, in life or death,
It may be well with thee. . L. H. S.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Not very long ago, there lived a poor but pious woman. Her name I cannot tell you, but she was a widow. She had one son. He was a wicked boy, often causing his mother's heart to ache. At last he went off to sea. He cared not for his poor mother, but was anxious to be out of her sight—to be far removed from the sound of her earnest and affectionate advice and entreaties. Deeply and bitterly did she mourn over her wild and wayward child ; but she did not abandon her self to sorrow. She remembered she had a Father in heaven, and to him she unburdened the grief of her heart.

From the time of her son's departure, she resolved to set apart one hour every week to make him an object of special prayer. She besought God to watch over him, and keep him from falling into sin, and to convert his soul. No other engagement was permitted to

set aside this duty ; and regularly, at the appointed hour, she withdrew from the toils and cares of the world, to plead with God for her absent boy. Days, weeks, months, years, rolled on, in rapid succession, and no tidings of the young sailor were received—no letter, no kind message reached the heart-stricken mother. She was inclined to think that he must be dead, yet could not bring herself to discontinue her weekly practice of praying to God on his behalf. One evening she went into her room, intending as usual to pray for his conversion ; but not a word could she utter—she could only sigh and weep. Were those sighs and tears in vain ? We shall see.

A long time after this, one warm, bright summer's evening, when the beams of the setting sun cast on everything a golden tinge, and all nature was peaceful and lovely, the poor widow was seen sitting in her cottage porch. Her countenance had a sweet but melancholy expression, and often did the unbidden tear tremble in her eye. She thought of her son, her long lost boy. As she sat there, a tall and weather-beaten sailor approached the little wicket-gate, and looking very wistfully at her, said, "Is Mrs. M. at home?" "Yes sir," she replied, not knowing to whom she spoke, "I am Mrs. M. Pray, what is your business?" "O mother!" he exclaimed, "don't you know me? I am your son." What a joyous meeting they had, and *how much* they had to say of many things

THE CABIN BOY'S LOCKER.

that had transpired during this long period of separation !

For some time after the young sailor left his native land, he had lived a sinful life, and endeavored to forget all the good things he had heard. One Sabbath day, as he was wandering through the streets of Calcutta, his attention was arrested by the sound of voices singing a tune that was familiar to his ear. It was one to which he had sung hymns, when sitting at his mother's side. He went into a building (which was a chapel) whence the sound proceeded, and when the singing was over, he thought he would stay a little, to hear what the minister had to say. His attention was riveted, and his heart was touched, by what he heard from the good missionary. He lifted up his heart in prayer to God, exclaiming, "God be merciful to me a sinner !" That prayer was heard. He had bid adieu to his sinful pursuits and his worldly companions, and had returned to fill the heart of his mother with joy, and to receive her blessing.

My children, have you a mother who prays for you ? Bless God for this ; but remember, your mother's prayers will not save you. Like the sailor at Calcutta, you must cry for God's mercy for yourselves.

Learn from this story, too, what a good thing it is to send missionaries to foreign countries. Not only will they be useful among the heathen—sailors, and soldiers, and

merchants from this country may go and receive instruction from their lips. They may save many an English or American sailor-boy. They may be blessed by God to fulfil many an anxious mother's prayer.—*London Miss. Repository.*

THE SAILOR AND HIS PRAYING MOTHER.

What thoughts crowd around the heart at the mention of those words. Years may pass away; mountains, rivers, and oceans may intervene between us and the spot where first we heard a mother's prayers, yet they cannot be lost to memory. Sickness, sorrow, and neglect may be suffered, and even the heart may seemingly become callous to all good impressions, yet at the sound of a mother's—a praying mother's—name, a chord is touched, which thrills through the soul, and rarely fails to awaken better feelings. Does danger threaten? We hope, and perhaps fondly anticipate, that a mother's prayers, which have been offered in our behalf, may be answered.

Never did I see this more forcibly illustrated than in a case of a weather-beaten sailor, who resided in one of our coast towns. I had the narrative from the lips of the mother. In making his homeward passage, as he "doubled the stormy Cape," a dreadful storm arose. The mother heard of his arrival "outside the Cape," and was awaiting with the

anxiety a mother alone can know, to see her son. But now the storm had arisen, and as she expected, when the ship was in the most dangerous place. Fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the requiem of her son, with faith strong in God, she commenced praying for his safety. At this moment, news came that the vessel was lost! The father, an unconverted man, had till this time preserved a sullen silence, but now he wept aloud. The mother observed, "It is in the hands of Him that does all things well;" and again, in a subdued and softened spirit, bowed, and commended her son, and her partner, in an audible voice, broken only by the burstings of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired, but not to rest, and anxiously waited for the morning, hoping at least that some relic of their lost one might be found. The morning came. The winds were hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had subsided, since its victim was no more. At this moment, the little gate in front of their dwelling turned on its hinges. The door opened, and their son, their lost son, stood before them! The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbors on the coast, and he was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother, already hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed, "My child, how came you here?" "Mother," said he, while the tears coursed down his

sun-burnt cheeks, "I knew you'd pray me home!"

What a spectacle! A wild, reckless youth acknowledged the efficacy of prayer. It seems that he was aware of his perilous situation, and that he labored with this thought: "My mother prays; Christian prayers are answered, and I may be saved."

This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh courage, and with renewed effort he labored, till the harbor was gained.

Christian mother, go thou and do likewise. Pray over that son who is likely to be wrecked on the stream of life, and his prospects blasted forever. He may be saved.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The interesting incident which we subjoin, is from the Rev. Sydney Dyer's Address on a Mother's Influence. It will be read with interest.—*Sailors' Magazine*.

"While engaged in distributing tracts among the shipping in the harbor of New York, I visited a ship recently from Greenock, Scotland, in the fore-castle of which I met a very aged Scotch sailor, who manifested a disposition to repel every advance, declining my tracts, and replying angrily to my questions. *Feeling that one so near his end stood much in need of having his attention turned to the*

subject of religion, I felt unwilling to leave him, without having tried every avenue to his feelings. Knowing how proverbial Scotch mothers are for their attention to the early instruction of their children, I asked him if he had not once a mother, who taught him to say his prayers, and read the Bible? The question seemed for a few moments perfectly to stun him. He stopped short, remained perfectly motionless, except the deep heaving of his bosom, and the convulsive quiver of his lips; and then throwing up his hands, exclaimed, amid a shower of tears, 'My mother! my sainted mother!' As soon as he could sufficiently compose himself, he made me sit down by his locker, and then with a trembling voice, and deep emotion, related to me how in his infancy his mother used daily to teach him the Creed, the Catechism, and the Lord's Prayer, and then would kneel down and pray with him, often wetting his little cheeks with her tears. But her death, when he was quite young, left him alone in the world, and since that time he had followed the sea, and a life of sin. He had raised a family, but God had taken them, and he was now alone in the world. 'But,' said he, 'the bitterest hour I ever saw was the one in which my mother died; and though I have lived four score years in sin, I still have faith to believe that my mother's prayers will be heard and answered in my behalf.' Whether this was *ever the case*, I know not, as I saw him no

more ; but the incident most forcibly illustrates the enduring nature of a mother's influence, and its certain rewards."


THE DEAD OF THE SEA.

Extract from a sermon preached in the Roosevelt street Mariners' Church, New York, April 19th, 1846, by the Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D.

"Rev. xx. 13. *And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.*

"IV. Consider the NEGLECT with which the dead that are in the sea have been allowed to go down into its depths.

"Neglect, of individuals or classes, is to be measured with some reference to their importance and value. Were the seamen who are daily perishing in the waters an idle, unprofitable, burdensome generation, we might perhaps let them drop away with less blame. But they sustain the trade of the world. Whatsoever is meant by that word, *commerce*, involves the toils and dangers of thousands of mariners. To neglect them, is to cast from us the very instrument by which the gains of merchandise are acquired. The useful products, and the almost necessary luxuries which are exchanged between continents and islands, are borne on their arms. The sails that fan *all climates* are guided by their sinews. There *is not a delicacy or an ornament of commerce*



—there is not a wonder of art—there is not a transmarine medicine—there is not a transportation of Christian mercy—not a visit of holy friendship and affection, which is not in some sort entrusted to the hardy seamen, whom we neglect. And when he *dies*, far from sight of land, he dies in the hard service of a civilization and refinement which *use* him, and *abandon* him. The *soldiers* of the earth are many, but we can do without them. The day, we trust, is hastening on, which shall render obsolete their trade of blood. But the *sailor* we cannot do without. The more peace, the more commerce. The progress of every science and art tends to bring a greater throng into the highway of nations. And the Gospel itself, as it begins to expand itself more largely over the earth, will claim for itself a Christianized seamanship, to dispense the Word and the ministry of God among all nations. Mariners are then indispensable; yet these are they whom we have neglected. The sin lies at the door of Christendom. The son who leaves the maternal threshold to traverse the earth, is one who should be furnished with means of life. But the church has seen her children going abroad over all waters, and yet has done but little—even that little but lately—for the spiritual good of the seaman. How long was it before Christian watchmen even *missed* the sailor from church assemblies? How long before means were used to furnish *his sea-chest* with the Bible? How long

before a Bethel flag was hoisted, or a Bethel chapel built? While we bless God for what has been done, and for the encouragement we have to proceed, we cannot but bewail the absolute destitution of the vast body of mariners. Immense portions of the Christian world take no cognizance of them as immortal beings. Congregations send up prayers, for years, without remembering those whose business is in the great waters. And the consequence is, that although no field of effort has yielded more fruit in proportion to labor bestowed, yet so vast is the amount to be compassed, that the great mass is not reached. Neglected mortals continue to plunge unprepared into eternity.

"It would be a consolation to the pallid, shivering seaman, as he spends his few last moments on the parting timbers, before the final plunge, to remember some word of promise—some hour of communion—some message from Christ's ministers—some precious sacrament. Alas! what multitudes have none such to remember! They have gone for years to and from Christian ports, but they have found no Christian privilege there, for none has taken them by the hand, or led them to the house of prayer.

"V. Consider our MEETING IN JUDGMENT with the dead who are in the sea.

"That hour is coming, and we should draw from it motives for our daily conduct. There are things which may or may not befall us in

the future; but we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. What a day of revelation will that be of all our neglects and transgressions! and how little in the retrospect will many of these things seem, which now occupy all our thoughts and passions! There is one coming, who will say to some, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me.' The hour hastens. Behold, he cometh, and every eye shall see him! Hear the beloved disciple: 'And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it' (the shadowy vagueness of the representation only makes the approaching cloudy tribunal more fearfully sublime)—'and *Him that sat on it*' (no name is needed, for there is *one* object now for every eye, and one sound reverberates in every ear, and through every cavern of the earth and sea), 'from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them.' This judgment-bar is awful, is real, is approaching, is for us. You and I shall be attracted by irresistible fascination to that burning centre, and form part of that countless assemblage. Sinner! sinner! prepare to meet thy God! 'And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God'—before God! before Him, from whose presence heaven and earth just now fled. The dead in all their races are there, of all tribes and nations, of every age, a ghastly multitude, whom no man can number. *All graves and sepulchres release their prisoners*

of all time and ranks, from Abel downwards, to stand before God. 'And the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works; *and the sea gave up the dead which were in it.*'

"Now is the time of revelation from the mighty waters. Here are the deposits of solitary disasters, of thousands of shipwrecks, of vast fleets, and this through centuries of years. The faithful sea shall give them up, at the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God. The voice that awoke Lazarus and the youth of Nain, and which unseals all sepulchres, shall find obedience in the seas. No matter what the variety of life or death, there shall be *one* rising again, to look upon the face of God. How gladly would some call on rocks and mountains to cover them, or seek a deeper plunge into the concealment of the ocean!

"Is it possible for me to urge on you a more solemn motive than the anticipated awe of that day, and that appearance, when before the august throne the sea shall give up its dead! How will it aggravate the solemnities of that bar, to behold multitudes who have perished for lack of knowledge, and after having been born in Christian lands, have died and gone to judgment, without hope in God! And how will it sweeten the joy of Christ's *people*, to welcome from among the treasures of the deep, those who by our means have

beheld the Bethel—welcome, and by our means have fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel!

“Other motives respect temporal things, but here is one which draws all its cogent influence from the coming eternity; and these are the motives which bear the test of reason and the Bible. The true touchstone of every feeling, word, and act—of every labor, expenditure, enterprise, and even pleasure—is the question, ‘How will it bear the light of that great white throne?’ How will it stand in that presence which heaven and earth cannot endure? How will it confront the eyes which are like a flame of fire? How will it abide the judgment? There are ten thousand great things which shall vanish in that ordeal, as stubble before the conflagration—name, riches, honors, learning, professions. And there are *little* things which shall abide the day of his coming; such as a cup of cold water—a visit of mercy—a look of helpful affection—a weeping with them that weep. Think you, in that second advent, Christ will disregard the humblest contribution to the salvation of poor mariners? Think you, when the sea shall give up the dead which are in it, and among them some whose souls have been saved by your instrumentality, that He who sitteth upon the throne will look on with indifference! Nay, my brethren, his loving eye will be a recompense for a lifetime of labor.

“And you, my respected friends, who live

upon the ocean—for it is *your* cause I plead—you also shall be with us. It may be that *your* bodies shall be among the relics of the great waters. Though you may expire among the stormy waves, yet if Christ is yours, and if in that day you should meet with any who have aided you on your heavenward progress, methinks the joy will be reciprocal, and the union of praises great, to Him who hath loved us, and made us kings and priests. And though your earthly career may have been stormy, and though you may have come through great tribulation, all sorrow will be forgotten, when you have washed your robes, and made them clean in the blood of the Lamb.

“Fix then in your minds the certainty of this revealed, this momentous event—that the sea shall give up its dead—that it shall give them up in vast numbers—that it shall give up those whose death has been such as to need all the consolations of religion; yet many who from neglect have not enjoyed them. Look forward to this grand reality, and suffer it to sink into your hearts as a motive.

“Let this great commercial city know, that inasmuch as her wealth is from the abundance of the seas, she shall have a judgment to meet, when the sea shall give up its dead. In our pride we may grow like ancient Tyre—the parallel is striking: ‘O thou that art situate *at the entry of the sea*, which art a merchant *of the people* for many isles, thus saith the

Lord God, O Tyrus, thou hast said I am of perfect beauty.' Let the men of our Western Tyres know, that the day is coming when it will be less matter of congratulation to know that her 'wares went forth out of the sea'—her 'merchants' being 'princes'—than that some of her gains by the sea had been bestowed on the cause of Christ among seamen. The waves shall restore to adventurous merchandize none of its wares, or the gains of successful traffic—none of 'the fine linen with embroidered work, from Egypt,' nor the 'blue and purple, from the isles of Elisha,' nor the 'emeralds, purple, coral, and agate,' nor any of all the items in that rich prophetic inventory; but they shall restore *the dead*, and with them, accompanied with gracious and glorious remuneration, all the good thoughts, words, and deeds bestowed on those dead. The ransomed sailor shall rise to bless you. His widow and his children shall bless you. Your most hidden prayer, your most despised mite, your left-handed alms, shall be poured back as from God's horn of plenty, into your bosom, as with a full measure, shaken together, and running over. For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And *thy Father*, and the Father of the desolate mariner, who seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.

"For the same solemnities in which the sea shall give up the dead which are in it, will witness the gracious proclamation, 'Come, ye

blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world ! ”

DAY OF JUDGMENT

Sinners, take the friendly warning—
Soon that awful day shall break,
And the trumpet, with its dawning,
All the slumb'ring millions wake.

See assembled every nation !
Lofty cities, temples, tow'rs,
Wrapt in dreadful conflagration,
Earth and sea the flame devours.

Ye, who to the world dissemble,
While you practice deeds of night,
Sinners, now behold and tremble ;
All your crimes are brought to light

Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,
Sporting on the burning brink,
Now, you say, you have no leisure—
You can find no time to think.

Ye—who now conviction stifling,
Waste your time—the loss deplore ;
Hear the angel—cease your trifling—
“ Time,” he cries, “ shall be no more.”

Pause, and hear the voice of reason—
Catch the moments as they fly—
You who lose the present season,
You must all find time to die.

THE SAILOR FINDING PEACE.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

The subject of the following narrative was brought up to the sea, and from a boy had been familiar with the toils and dangers of the deep. He early entered the whaling business, in which he continued to be employed, and his enterprise and intelligence rapidly promoted him, and soon he became the master of a whaleman.

For some years, Captain L. commanded a ship out of Boston, and it was while sailing out of that port, that the incidents occurred which are related in this paper.

Two of his voyages had been attended with circumstances of much trial and perplexity. During the long absence from home, his crews became disaffected and troublesome, and the ship, at various times, suffered much from severe weather.

These trying circumstances, in connection with some others, equally adverse, had brought the weather-beaten sailor to reflect on the vanity of earthly hopes and prospects, and the necessity of possessing something better for present satisfaction; and as a foundation for the future. In this state of mind, Captain L. was led to reflect on the importance of religion, and to ask himself if it was not the blessing of this religion which he wanted. The

principles of Christianity had been taught him in his infancy and youth—that Christianity which the Bible revealed as the blessing of God to sinful man. His mind recurred to the recollections of God's truth, as received in early life, and dwelt upon it. These impressions followed him during the remainder of the voyage, and he returned home with a deep conviction of the importance of Christianity to personal happiness, and with serious desires to understand it better, and make it his own.

While at home, in his native country parish, among his friends, he attended the village church, and the means of grace, with more interest than he had ever before felt. He now listened with lively concern to the man of God, as he pointed out the way of life and salvation. As he listened from Sabbath to Sabbath, to an exposition of the principles and duties of the Gospel, he felt an increasing conviction of the importance of personal religion. Instead of devoting his leisure time on shore to foolish pleasure and dissipation, as had formerly been the case, he was now serious, set apart and observed hours for private devotion, and read books of a sober and religious cast. But while all this passed within, he carefully concealed from his most intimate friends the state of his mind. He was convicted, but unhumiliated, and too proud to suffer any one to suspect him of religious anxiety.

In this state of mental perturbation, without *having* experienced the slightest relief to him.

anxiety, and in great darkness, the time came for him, again to leave home. He left the port of Boston in the summer of 1842, for another long and uncertain voyage; yet all the perils, toils, and responsibilities of the voyage before him were of far less concern than the trouble within him. Danger he could face—hardship he could endure; but “a wounded spirit who can bear.” He was an experienced mariner: he knew his course in every sea, was at home in every latitude, and could adapt himself to “all weathers;” but his mind was in a deep and gloomy fog, no way opened up before him, and his vain struggles seemed but to increase the painful intricacy of his condition.

With little worth relating, Captain L. made his outward passage, doubled Cape Horn, and pursued his avocation in the Pacific, between the Western coast of America and the Sandwich Islands. Months rolled away, but the feelings of the awakened sailor experienced no favorable change. He read his Bible with unabated interest, and maintained habitually private devotion in his stateroom. He thought much—he turned the subject of religion again and again in his mind. He revolved the statements, and compared the views of Christian authors, but all, as it then seemed to him, to no purpose. In despair of help from others, he resolved to strike out a course for himself. Accordingly, laying aside *his religious books*, and leaving the views of

others, he set about digesting a peculiar plan for a peculiar case. He would arrange the principles of a religious system adapted to himself. This was the subject of his meditations—at length he conceived his plan. He had elaborated a religious chart, by which he was resolved to shape his spiritual course. To his excited imagination, it promised to afford divine acceptance, and conduct the bewildered navigator to the port of peace. He felt he had discovered the way of life, and soon would reach the long-sought rest.

Captain L. had not yet learned that scriptural truth, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." But this he was soon to learn. Unhappy man! His confidence was in himself, and in his own efforts. He had settled his plan, but alas! it did not work. The relief he sought and expected did not come. All again was afloat, and peace seemed each succeeding day to remove farther from him. His mind grew darker, and his feelings became deeply despondent. The troubled waters around him had as much rest as he. He felt, indeed, that the ceaseless tossings of the ocean was an image of his own restless and unhappy state.

In this state of mental distress, adversity from without assailed him. The ship was visited by a succession of severe gales. The business of the voyage was for a length of *time* interrupted by stormy weather, and incessant care and attention were demanded to

preserve the ship. With every care and attention, the danger was imminent: the bowsprit had sprung, the foremast was in danger of going by the board, and indeed the ship of becoming a wreck.

During this period of universal anxiety on board, the Captain experienced an increase of his spiritual and mental troubles. His religious principles afforded him no comfort, and his devotions, in which he still persevered, gave him no relief. In prayer to God, and in reading the Scriptures, he sought to obtain ease, but none did they afford him. He became at length desperate—his proud heart rose against God in rebellion. He said, "who is the Almighty, that I should thus be made to suffer by him." His heart, in spite of his efforts to restrain the feeling, became daring and impious. He defied the Almighty. He looked out upon the ocean, boiling and heaving before the terrible storm, and felt and said, "I care not for his anger—let God do his worst."

In this sad state of deepest inward trouble, sometimes praying, and at others imprecating, he remained for many days. At length his better feelings obtained the victory, and then a degree of calmness ensued; but the sinner was yet unhumbled, and as yet there was no settled peace, and his rest was more like the lullings of the fitful gale, than established repose.

At this time the ship was on her course for

the Sandwich Islands, to refit, and without further accident, reached the Hawaiian group, and entered Karakakova bay, in October, 1844. It was truly a gracious providence, which, at this important juncture, guided the deeply-troubled sailor to the place of Christian instruction and prayer. The American missionaries at this station, with kindness and sympathy, received Captain L. He was welcomed to their houses, and invited to be present at their domestic religious services. They conversed with him as men sincerely interested for his welfare. They looked upon him as a brother, in a condition needing sympathy and instruction, which they were able and willing to impart. This kindness opened his heart, and he freely made known to them all the troubles and peculiarities of his spiritual condition. They made him a subject of prayer, and gave him such directions as his case seemed to require. The awakened sailor was greatly edified and assisted by what he heard and saw. After a season of pleasant and profitable intercourse with these men of God, and his ship being now refitted, he took leave of his kind missionary friends, to cruise for a time around the islands, until the proper season for whaling, on the northwest coast of America. The time had come to leave the islands, but before doing so, and to complete the coöpering of his oil, Captain L. proposed *to spend a few days under the lee of Hawaii, out of the violence of the trade winds.* While

thus engaged, what is very unusual in that latitude, a strong wind sprung up in the opposite quarter, blowing quite a gale, exposing the ship to great inconvenience, and even danger. It was therefore found necessary to change his ground, and run to the opposite side of the island, for a sheltering lee. This was accordingly done, and in a few days the ship was coasting the eastern shore of Hawaii, and along Hilo, on Byron's Bay, where for several years a mission station had been maintained, under the ministry of Rev. Titus Coan, and others. Into this bay the ship was permitted to enter, without any purpose, however, here to stop.

The prophet tells us, "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps—the way of man is not in himself." This is a truth which the events of this narrative have more than once illustrated. A merciful God had gracious intentions towards the anxious sailor, and by a hand unseen, and an all-controlling providence, was guiding him for good, and hastening the day of his deliverance. Though instructed and enlightened by his recent intercourse with the missionaries at Karakakova, his mind was still unsettled and unhappy. But the time was at hand which should end the long period of darkness and anxiety. In an important sense, the voyage of his life was approaching a crisis.

The ship, as we have seen, had entered Byron's Bay, and under easy sail, was running

along its shore, and yet without any intention on the part of her master to make a stop. A pilot, however, came on board, and now it occurred to the Captain, that in this quiet place, where his crew would be in little danger from ardent spirits, he might finish his recruiting, before a final departure from the islands. The ship therefore was continued up the bay, and came to anchor. It was now that Capt. L. learned for the first time, that here was a Christian mission. This intelligence, however, gave him little interest. Indeed, for some time, his mind had relapsed into gloom and despondency. He felt little disposition to see any one, and especially shunned the presence of strangers. With such feelings, declining to land himself, he dispatched his officers on shore for refreshments and water. For three days he remained on board, seeking no communication with those on shore. This reluctance to land was however finally overcome, by a kind and pressing note from Mr. Coan, requesting a visit from the master of the ship. Mr. Coan was the more anxious for this visit, as he had just before learned through a brother, from the station where the ship first touched, of Captain L., and his interesting state of mind.

The faithful servant of God, whose kindness, piety, and fidelity can never be forgotten, received the troubled sailor with every mark of solicitude and affection. He won his confidence, induced him to disburden his mind,

and reveal all his anxieties and sorrows. He took him to his humble dwelling, and for more private and uninterrupted intercourse, led him into the sanctuary of his study. Then the man of God spread out before the down-cast sailor the riches of God's grace in the Gospel, and the love of Christ for dying sinners, as displayed in the cross. Then with impressive words he pointed out to him the gracious invitations of the Gospel, besought him to embrace them, and laid open before him the simple and effectual method of justification by faith. In that humble, solemn study, before the care-worn missionary, and under the deep and affectionate words which fell from his lips, the sailor was subdued and melted. His pride was broken—his unbelief began to give way. They knelt, and united in prayer. The missionary lifted up fervent supplications for the trembling sinner before him, who far from his home, his friends, and his country, had been brought by the spirit of God to feel himself a lost and undone sinner, and whom God had sent to a little island in the vast Pacific—to the shores of Hilo, to be taught the way of salvation "more perfectly." He prayed that he might be enlightened—that his heart might be renewed by grace, and that enriched by the gifts of the spirit, he might at length return with more precious freight than all the treasures of the ocean. Thus the missionary plead before the throne of grace for the awakened sailor, and then

encouraged him to open his own lips in continuation of the devotions. He felt compelled to attempt it, and with broken accents, stammering tongue, and laboring heart, he lifted up his supplications to God; and as he prayed, a holy composure stole over his mind, his darkness, like thick clouds, broke away, his anxious soul became calm and settled, Christ stood before him, as the Saviour whom he needed, willing to receive and pardon him, and whom he felt he could embrace and serve. In a word, a change had come over his feelings—he had passed from death unto life. With the missionary, he went to the meeting of prayer, and joyful and blessed were the services there to his soul. He loved the brethren, and was not ashamed to speak of the glorious and blessed Saviour.

Captain L. was a new man. To him, "old things had passed away, and all things had become new." "I had now," said he, "found something at last, that was substantial and good—something that gave me comfort for the present, and a ground of hope for the future. In my former life, happiness was ever distant and future. The present was generally a season of anxiety and trouble, if not of pain. The want of something at hand, compelled me to look forward. My comfort," said he, "was principally found in castle-building—in visions of unreal and unattainable good. And when I had built my airy castles, and comforted myself with pleasing anticipa-

THE CABIN BOY'S LOCKER.

tions, stern experience would come and solve them all, and reduce me to disappointment and sorrow. Thus I lived, without present enjoyment, without hope for a future state, at war with myself, without recognition to God, harassed with anxieties, and void of all true rest. But now," he continued "a change within had taken place, and it extended to all things around me. I found joyment in everything, and peace in every place. All nature seemed to be in harmony with my feelings: the stars that shone down upon my nightly watch, sparkled with a clear and heavenly radiance, and the very waves that swelled and murmured around the ship, and broke against her sides, seemed to feel the spirit and power of that God whose peace dwelt in my soul."

Such were the feelings of the now converted sailor. He had "found the pearl of great price." Christ was formed within his heart, and the hope of glory. In this new and Christian frame of mind, Captain L. took final leave of his beloved missionary friends, and followed by their prayers for his spiritual improvement and prosperity, he left the islands (precious to him as his spiritual birth-place), and pursued the objects of his voyage. Wherever he went he carried Christ in his heart, and endeavored to show forth his spirit to the officers and crew of his ship. In due season, the long and eventful voyage was concluded, the ship returned to port, and Captain L. rejoiced

family. Once at home, he sought an early opportunity to connect himself with the people of God, by a public profession of his faith in Christ, and is now a follower "of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

PRAYERS FOR SEAMEN.

There are thousands and thousands whose *homes* are on the ocean, who come on land, as landsmen go out to sea, occasionally, and for short seasons. Sailors dwell on the ocean, and do business on the mighty deep, and are with us only transiently, and almost as strangers. For long years this class of men had been almost forgotten and uncared for. Now, to many thousand of hearts, everything touching the sailor possesses a lively interest. In many of our ports, the Bethel flag trembles gently to the free breezes of heaven, and the Sailor's Home awaits the arrival from the elements of storms and perils. Still, the great Christian community, as a whole, do not think enough on the sons of the ocean—do not with sufficient frequency and ardor bear them before God in their daily devotions at the mercy-seat.

Seated quietly around our hearths of safety, with the friends we love, we are prone to forget the storms at sea, the frequent foamings and dashings of the enraged elements, and the *perils* of our brethren on the waters. Hearts

there are—for they have loved ones at sea—who say, it is a bitter, cold, dark, angry, gloomy night, and whose sighs and prayers go up to God, for the *mariners*; but there are many who do not think of and pray for him as they ought. Reader, remember at the mercy-seat your brethren scattered over the vast plain of the ocean waters.

“When the black sky is scowling,
The furious storm is howling,
And lurid lightnings play;
When the strained masts are bending,
Fierce winds and sails are rending,
Pray for the sailors—pray.”

HOME.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

The effect of religious training, and strong attachment for *home*, was eminently displayed in the brief career of a young man, whose name, for several reasons, we shall conceal, and present him to our readers as Charles Oswald. He had been taught to love his home, and had there, during his juvenile years, been blessed with religious training. Early in life he had torn himself from the endearments of relations, to seek in the world a name. Pleasure had invited him to her fashionable haunts; fashion had called him to mingle with the flattering throng; and he, like too many runaway youths, for a time

yielded. But it was only for a time. His early impressions were about him; and after quaffing at fountains that slaked not his immortal thirst, he turned his feet into those ways which are pleasantness, and those that are peaceful. But a short time after his espousal to Christ, death marked him for its victim, and disease began its work. Day after day stole away, and every evening's quiet lull found him more enfeebled, his step less vigorous, and the hectic flush more perceptible upon his pale cheek. He was passing away, and he knew it; but he was resigned. Yes, strange as it may seem, that one in life's rosy morn, with talents, reputation, kind relations, and much of worldly prospect, should be willing to shake hands with all, and lie down in the cold, gloomy grave, yet Charles Oswald was willing. O religion! thou sweet messenger from that holy world, where death's arrows speed not their way to happy hearts, what canst thou not do? As young Oswald declined, he became lost to the world's gaiety, and seemed wrapped in holier meditations. His frail tenement walked on earth, but the mind, the soul, dwelt by thought in heaven. But *one* thing shadowed his path—but *one* earthly desire obtruded upon him, and forsooth, it was good—he wished to die at *home*—at the *old* place. He was many miles from that spot, but among friends—for the good *always* have friends; yet his desire was to die *among his kindred*. “You are all very kind,”

he would often say, "but when the shadows of death steal over me, I want to hear my father's voice—my mother's tone. I want to say something to my brothers and sisters. O! if I could be privileged to die at *home*, I should be happy." It seemed as if God, to grant him his only wish, permitted a temporary respite in his disease, and suffered him to gather a degree of strength. His friends anticipated his recovery; but not so with Oswald. "It is only that I may go home and die happy," he would say. Accordingly, he embarked on board a boat, and after a voyage of ten days, landed within a few miles of the *old place*. He had been sinking from the time of his departure, and was evidently near his end. He was placed in a vehicle, and borne to his old homestead. When driven up, every heart was too full for utterance. They all loved him, for he was always a kind boy. His mother wept (and what mother would not?) as she kissed the sunken cheek of her dying boy. Even the big tear coursed down the furrowed cheek of his father, as he beheld Charles borne by his brothers into his *old room*. "This is so like it used to be," said the poor invalid, as they laid him on his bed, while his eye kindled with unusual lustre. "There is the book-case, just as it was when I clambered up its sides for books, before I could reach them. There is the same old bureau, mantelpiece, windows—all. O! it looks so natural—nothing has changed. But

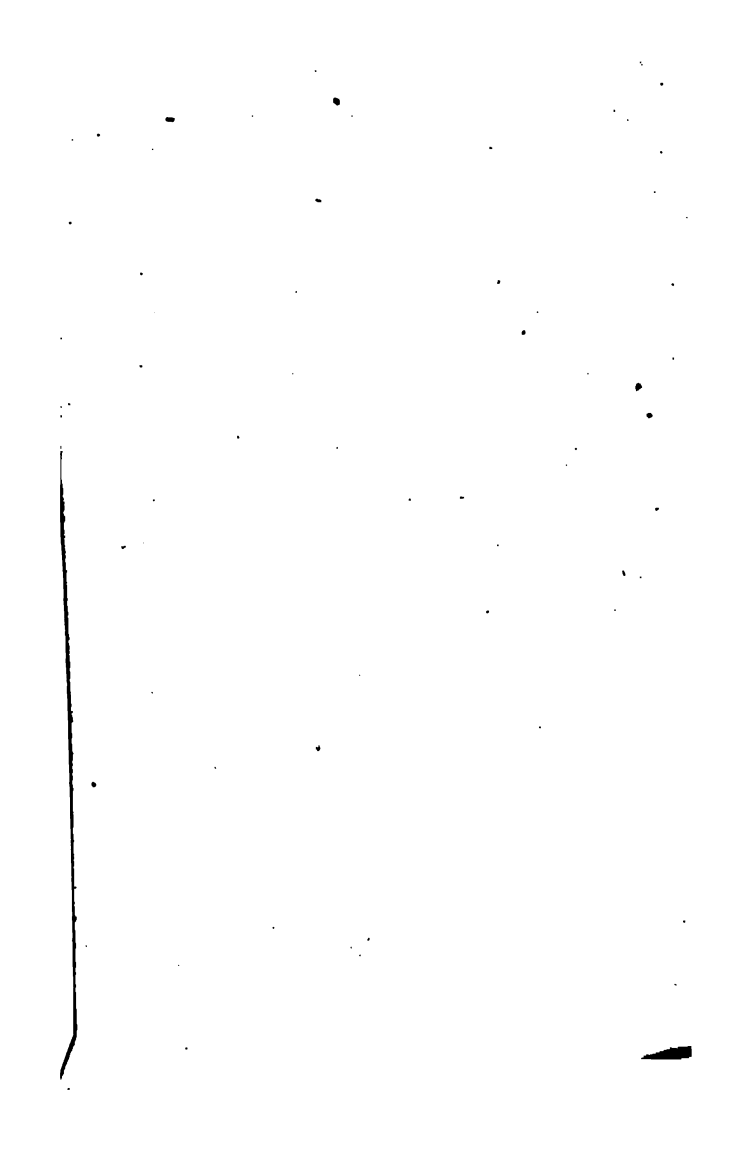
I have changed," he added, lifting his thin hand between him and the light. "Yes, I have changed, and will soon realize *one* that will terminate the pains of this poor, suffering body. Open the window, brother; I want to look at the sun going down. I once loved to gaze upon it from this window. I thought of a great many things, then—I was full of vision. O! how beautiful it looks! how rich! such a glow! Mother, don't you remember when I was less than William there, you would take me, about this hour, every evening, into that cluster of trees over there in the nursery, to pray, and would tell me who made the sun, how good he was, and how if I was good, when I died, I would sink away into heaven calmly, like the sun sets? I never see it set but what I think of those holy teachings. Mother, don't weep—don't make yourself unhappy about me. I feel happy—very happy. I shall be beyond that sun. O, I shall soon shine like it!"

He continued to talk in this strain, until he fell asleep. Several days passed, during which many seasonable admonitions fell from his lips, which were faithfully treasured up in the hearts of his friends, not soon to be forgotten. The hour of his departure came, and it was an hour of sweetness—of triumph. His physician apprised him that the chilly waves were gathering around him. No change was visible, *save a smile* that played along his heavenly features. His relations were all in the

room. "Mother," said he, "I have long known I would die, and have been preparing for the solemn ordeal. I wanted to die here in this room, with all of you around me. You will stay with me, and watch me die, won't you?" "Yes, my son," sobbed his mother. "Yes, I feel that I am dying; yet O! how sweet to die!—how peaceful! I have long thought that I should die happy. Don't weep, mother; I shall be so soon much happier in heaven. You have been kind parents to me; you have been the best of brothers and sisters; and I know you feel sad because I am dying. But our separation will not be long; and if our heavenly Father will permit me, I will come and be your guardian angel." His father tried to dissuade him from farther exertion. "Father, I am nearly gone, and I want to talk to all of you, while I stay. Don't cry, Ellen," said he, turning to his youngest sister. "O! brother," replied the little girl, sobbing, "they will put you in the ground, like they did sister, and I shall never see you again." "Never mind, Ellen; that Jesus who loves little children, laid in the grave, and we must be put in it too; but he will take us up, after awhile, and carry us to heaven, where your sister is, and where your brother Charles is going. Come close to me, Ellen—I am nearly gone. You are a little girl now. When you grow up, be a good girl. Think about what your brother said to you when he was dying. Say your prayers; do nothing that is wrong; and

you will meet your brother Charles there. We will never get sick, nor die, there. Come, kiss your brother, Ellen—farewell. Jane," said he, turning to his elder sister, "it is hard to part with you. We played and went to school together, read our catechisms, and prayed together. Don't place your affections too much upon the world. It will prove your enemy. When I am gone—when these limbs are cold and decaying, under the ground, and you gaze upon the sky, and see sweet stars looking down upon you, recollect your brother and sainted sister will be above them, praising God. Meet me there. Raise me up—the spirit is just quitting. O, I am happy! happy! happy! Farewell, all—all. Into thy hands I commend my——"

The tongue was stilled; the sound lingered awhile, and the spirit of Charles Oswald reposed in heaven.—*S. W. Christian Advocate*



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